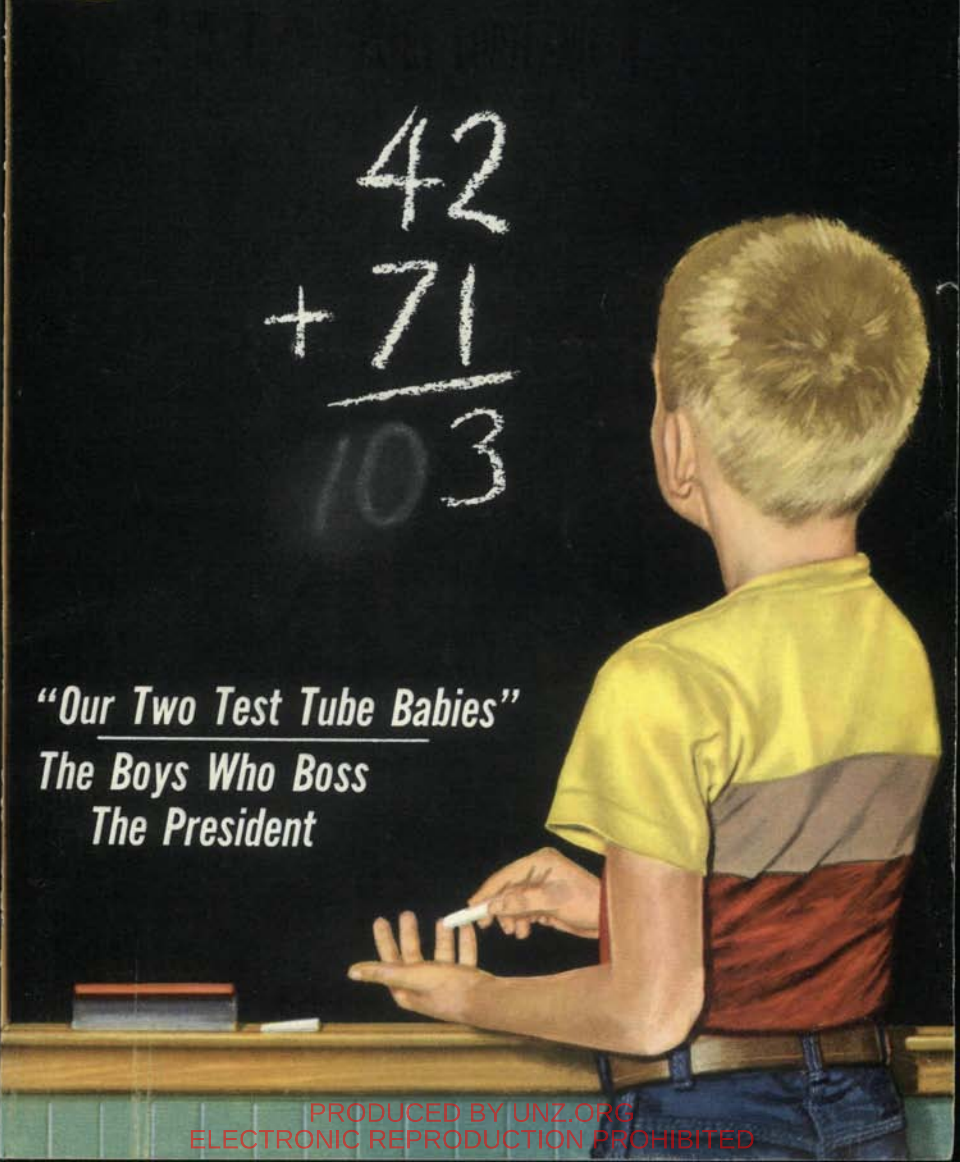
MARCH 25c

# Coronet



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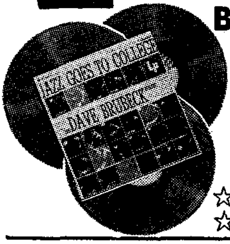

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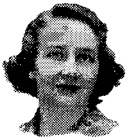

*His wife*

*Gail*

*Henry*

*Diane*

*Sheri*

*Heidi*

## Dear Reader:

Margaret Jones

"Andy" Anderson

One bright August morning 15 years ago tall, pretty Margaret Jones awoke from a drugged sleep to find herself in a hospital, a doctor waiting by her side. At that moment began a saga of personal courage that has endured to this day—and will endure throughout Margaret's lifetime. More recently, in the little town of Leadore, Idaho, on a savagely cold night, a tavern door suddenly burst open and the half-frozen figure of a man stumbled in. The people of Leadore still talk about "Andy" Anderson and his experiences that night. These are stories of everyday people who achieved prodigious feats of bravery. Which leads us to ask, what is courage? Is it that rare quality possessed by a special order of human? Or is it a trait inherent in most of us, demanding only the right challenge to blaze forth? We're inclined to think the second is true; and time and again we come upon evidence that makes us sure of it. You'll not soon forget Margaret ("Mother of Courage," Page 125), or Andy ("Ordeal on the Continental Divide," Page 38). Each represents a special kind of courage—in one, a dogged, day-in, day-out bravery so overwhelming that you can only marvel; in the other, a sudden rising above fear and pain to a peak of superb heroism. We know from our mail that so many of our readers derive inspiration from such stories: you may be certain we shall continue to bring them to you as we find them.

The Editors

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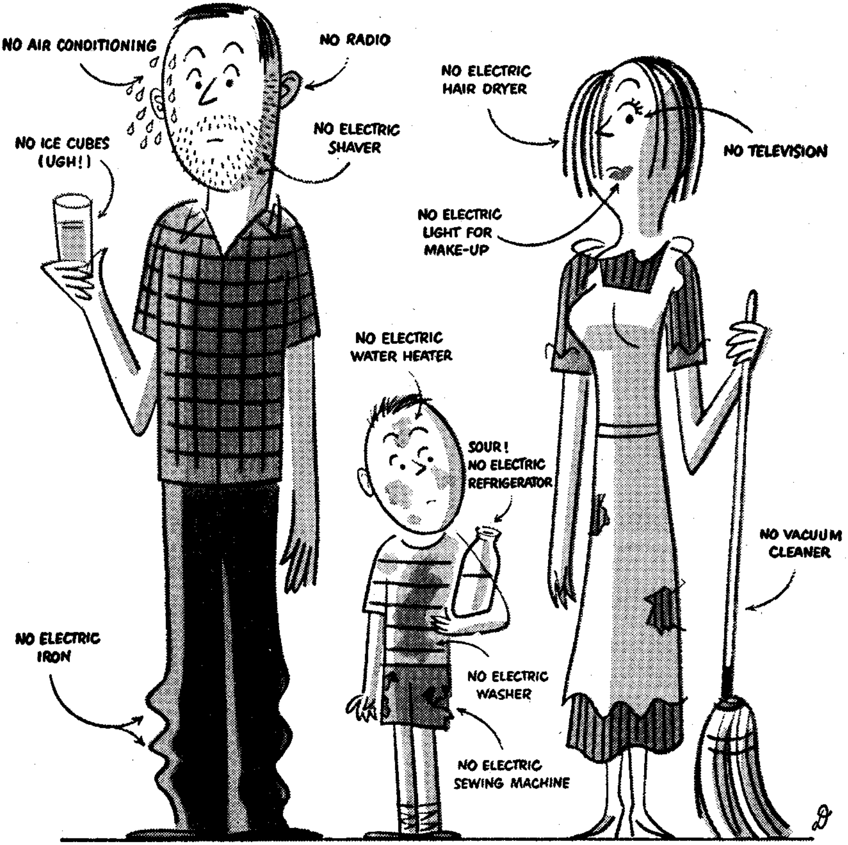
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# Coronet

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# Cinderella on a "Carousel"

HOLLYWOOD has a persistent Cinderella legend, dreamed up long ago by a desperate press agent, about the sweet full-blown girl singing as she jerks ice-cream sodas in a Midwestern drugstore. At the counter, a talent scout hears two bars and leaps from his seat, electrified: "What's your name, honey?" he asks softly—and the silver screen hails a new singing discovery.

In vain, Hollywood realists have tried to kill off this plucked-from-the-crowd saga, nurtured in the breasts of a million schoolgirls. But once in ten thousand is often enough to keep the dream alive. Now along comes Shirley Jones—a small-town girl (Smithton, Pa., population: 650) who can't read music, relying on a retentive ear—to give it greater impetus. Didn't this 22-year-old miss sign a seven-year contract with Rodgers and Hammerstein, the fabled Broadway musical team, without pounding one pavement? Top that with the fact that her first two pictures (*Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*) cost $12 million to film—and the legend burns brightly as before.

Keeping up with the Jones girl will take some fast stepping. In *Carousel* (20th Century-Fox), Shirley has another triumph—and displays more dramatic talent than the sweetness-and-light required of *Oklahoma's* heroine. Her crystal-clear soprano moves liltingly over the lovely R&H music. Another big asset: Rod Alexander's exuberant choreography in the "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" number.

An only child—her father is a brewer—Shirley Jones reflects an untroubled and relatively uneventful girlhood in her happy hazel eyes. This natural beauty recently inspired one dairy-minded writer to rhapsodize: "She has a milky, springtime skin, a creamy figure, and a smile like melting butter." *Carousel* pairs Shirley again with Gordon MacRae, her co-star in *Oklahoma!* One cynic has already predicted: "If they don't watch out they may become the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald of the '50s."

*(Additional Movie News on Page 10)*

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## *Emotional conflicts in small town and in Big Business*

**PICNIC** (*Columbia*). Life is drab for five lonely women before a virile drifter drops casually into a Kansas small town and sets fire to sleeping passions. Based on the Pulitzer Prize play and directed by Joshua Logan, this is provocative, adult fare—well-acted by William Holden, Kim Novak, Rosalind Russell, Susan Strasberg, and particularly Arthur O'Connell.

**PATTERNS** (*United Artists*), adapted from the popular TV play, explores a vital theme: Is there room for heart in Big Business—or do only the toughest survive? A powerful script and superb acting (by Van Heflin, Everett Sloane, Ed Begley) give the film the appeal of *Marty*, depicting an everyday situation. —MARK NICHOLS

Brawn *(Holden)* blinds beauty *(Novak)*.

Wall Street executives get a sudden shock as they emerge from a board conference.

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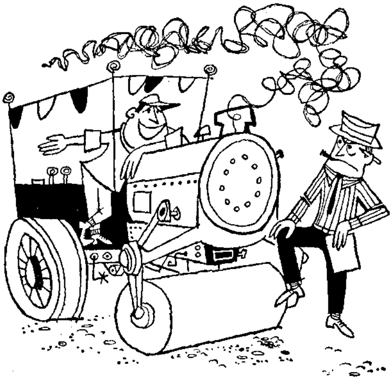


# GRIN AND SHARE IT

A HIGHWAY INSPECTOR noted for his fault-finding was inspecting a newly completed portion of road. The crown was not high enough, he grumbled, the shoulder too steep, the ditches not deep enough, and so on. The foreman took it as long as he could, then asked politely: "How is she for length?" —*Quote*

* * *

TWO WOMEN complained to a police sergeant that a dog was in their car and wouldn't get out. The officer removed the dog, found a tag with the name of the owner and telephoned him.

"Put the dog on the phone." the owner said.

The sergeant was dubious, but obeyed.

"What are you doing up there, Pat?" the owner admonished. "Get right on home."

The dog left the police station and proceeded directly home.

—JANICE CARTER

A TEACHER with a group of children stopped at a restaurant where one youngster noticed a slot machine and asked what it was. The teacher launched into a lecture on the evils of gambling. To dramatize the futility of trying to get something for nothing, she said she'd show them what she meant. Thereupon she put a nickel in the machine, pulled the handle—and hit the jackpot. —A.M.A. *Journal*

SOME YEARS AGO, foreign correspondent Quentin Reynolds was received by President Roosevelt at the White House. While he was there the President put through a call to Winston Churchill. Mr. Reynolds was slightly startled when, after a conversation, the President said:

"I'll have to stop now. My three minutes are up." —A.M.A. *Journal*

* * *

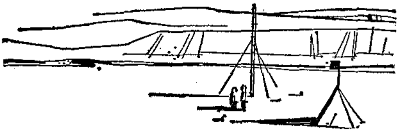
A VISITOR from the city, after listening to an old farmer enthuse over his animals, his fields and woods, commented, "It must be wonderful to live out there in the country!"

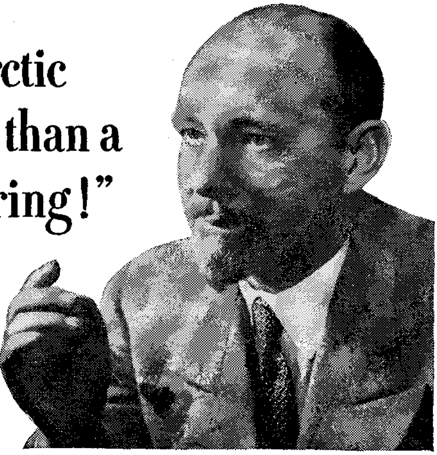
The old man grinned. "Yes, it is. But I've noticed that city people dream of a farm at five o'clock in the afternoon—never at five o'clock in the morning!" —Munich *Revue* (*Quote*)

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Sir HUBERT WILKINS, *world-famous explorer, says:*

**"Not even the Arctic wastes are lonelier than a man without hearing!"**





Sir Hubert Wilkins, famous polar explorer, scientist, author and aviation pioneer, tells how he regained his hearing:

"For years I had felt myself slipping into a crevasse of silence more lonely than any Polar waste. Then one day a thought struck me. Couldn't the radionic science that let me talk to men 10,000 miles away also help me hear people in the same room? I found my answer when my physician told me of the magic of a Zenith hearing aid.

"I discovered that Zenith, most popular and economical of all hearing aids, satisfies my needs . . . and significantly was created by the same company which had developed my long range radio.

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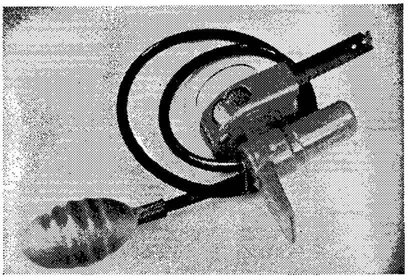
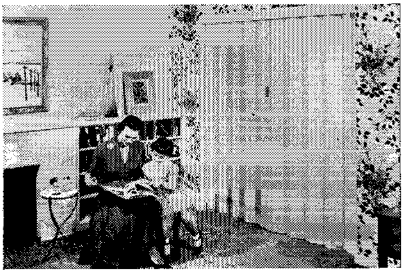
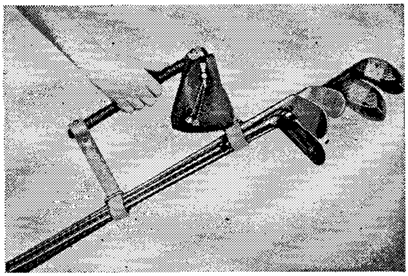
# Products on Parade



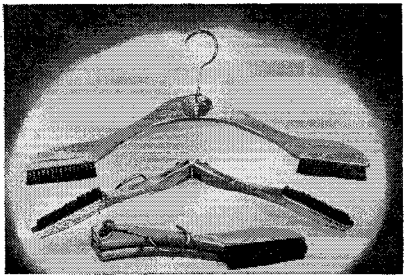
**MEASURE HEMLINES** accurately with this compact skirt marker. Plastic container shoots powder when rubber bulb is squeezed. Built-in 40 in. steel measuring tape. Attach suction cup to vertical surface. Supply of powder provided. $1.59 pp. Everett D. Ricker, C-18, 422 N. E. 32 St., Miami 37, Fla.



**INEXPENSIVE** fold-away accordion door can be hung by the family handyman. Heavy vinyl plastic is washable and can be covered with paint. Wheels move on steel track attached to overhead frame. Fits up to 32″ wide x 80″ high area. $8.95 pp. Spencer Gifts, Dept. C, Atlantic City, N. J.



**A HANDY** California carrier for golfers who tote their own clubs. Holds up to eight clubs securely and in balance. Clubs can be removed easily when needed. Has pouch for tees and balls. Steel and natural cowhide. Weighs 4 ozs. Del-Mel Co., Dept. COR, 237 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



**A HANGER-BRUSH** combination is a convenient traveling companion. Two ends fold together for use as a brush. Open and locked into position it becomes a hanger. Lacquered cherrywood with chrome fittings. $1.25 pp. Max Schling Seedsmen, Dept. 619, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

*(Continued on page 16)*

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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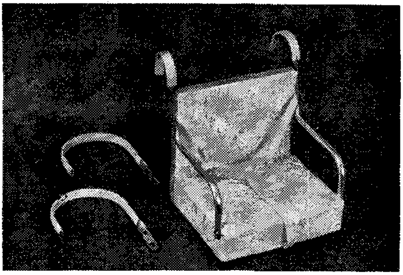
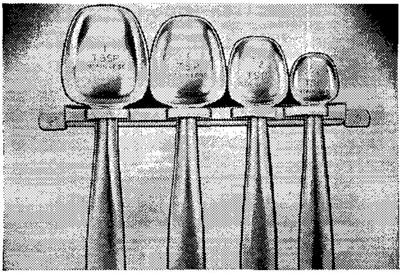
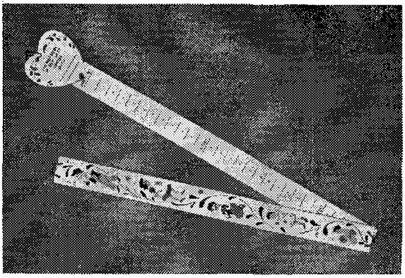
# Products on Parade



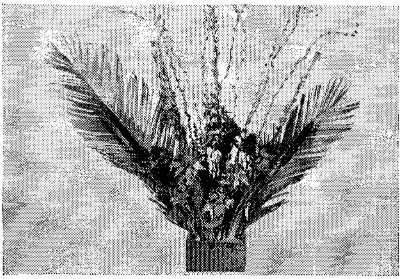
**CHILD'S CHAIR,** with two size interchangeable hooks, can become a car seat, high or junior chair. Sturdy pearl-gray, red or yellow vinyl with safety strap. Slip proof rubber bottom. Polished aluminum arms. $5.95 FOB. H & H Specialties, P.O. Box 76, Homecrest Station, Brooklyn 29, N. Y.



**POLISHED** stainless steel measuring spoons have extra long handles for reaching into tall containers. Set of 4 complete with rack to hang on kitchen wall. 1 tablespoon, 1, ½, ¼ teaspoon sizes. $1.00 pp. Carol Beatty Co., Dept. MS-3, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.



**PERSONAL** measuring stick keeps a permanent record of each child's growth up to 5 feet. Hang ruler on nursery wall and mark each stage of height. Light wood with gaily colored children's figures. Space for name. $2.50 pp. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N. J.



**UNIQUE** arrangement of dried natural foliage and woods has accents of gold, blue and pink added to original color. Includes okra, aquave clusters, orange and spine thistles and cat-tails. Hand made. 18″ x 18″. Green base. $4.98 pp. Scott-Mitchell House, Dept. CO, 611 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

**TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: See Coronet's Family Shopper, on page 161, for listings of additional mail order products and services which may be of further interest and value to you.**

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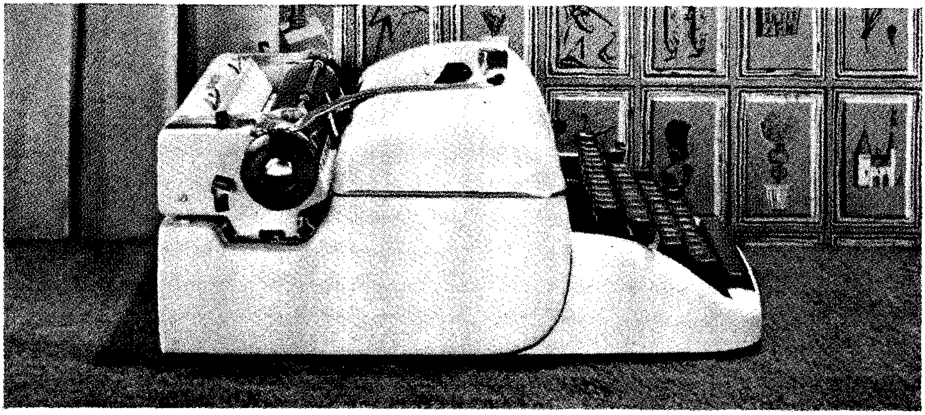

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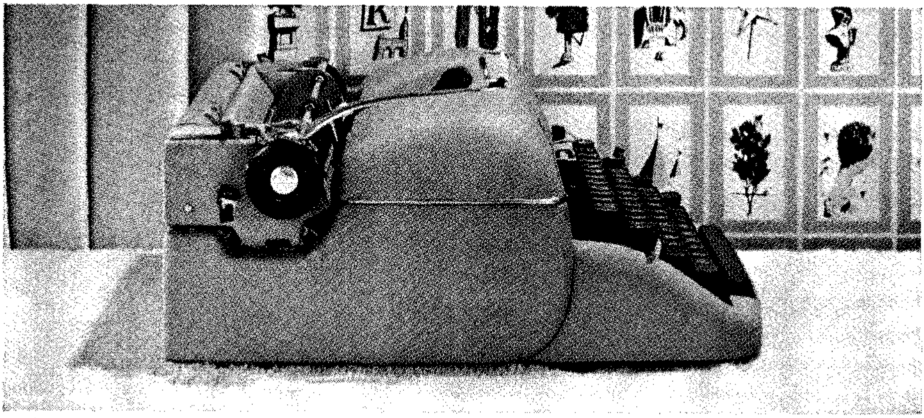

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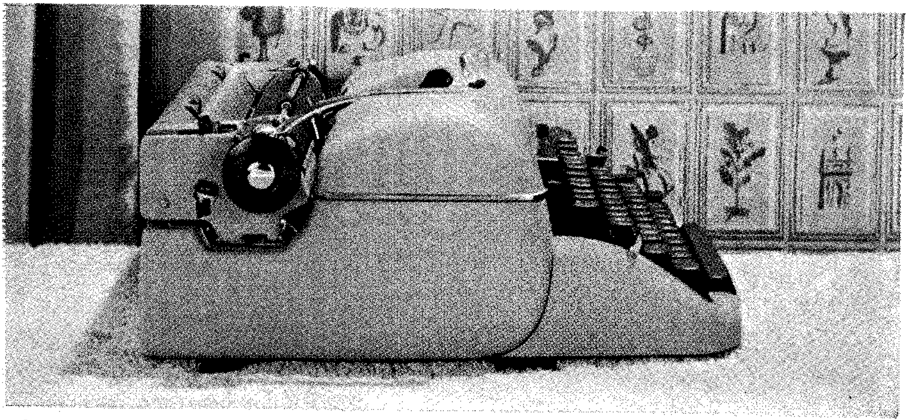

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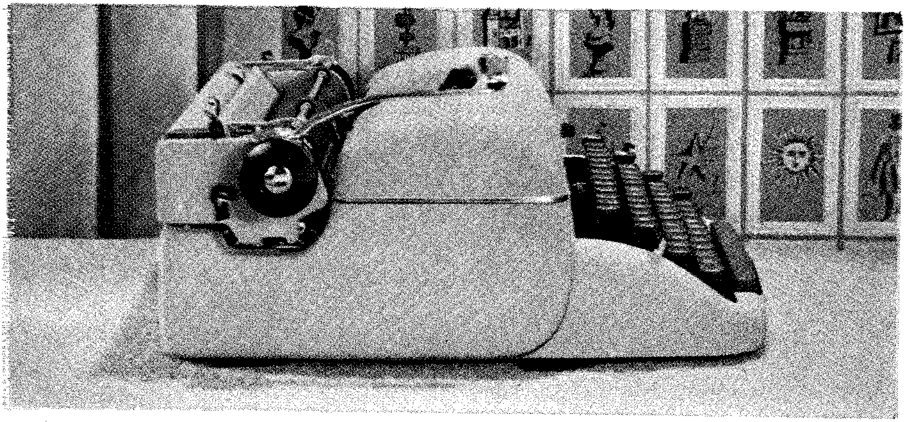

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TWENTIETH YEAR ♛ Coronet ♛ MARCH 1956

# Decoration by Desperation

### *by* JEAN KERR

As a result of a recent impartial survey taken among my friends, I have discovered a number of significant facts about home decorating that I am perfectly willing to share. The whole subject comes up because this is the time of year when a lot of people discover the appalling fact that in the bright sun of spring the apartment looks even more depressing than it did in the wintry gloom of last November.

The problem confronting the average housewife today is not whether she's going to decorate. Of course she's going to decorate. The problem is *when.*

In general it is safe to list three situations in which it is advisable to re-do the living room: (1) when you have the money; (2) when you don't have the money but are planning to go on "The $64,000 Question"; (3) when you don't have the money and there's not a chance you're going to get it but if you have to look at that speckled blue wallpaper one more day you will go smack out of your mind.

Having decided that you are going to go ahead with the project, you come up against the really ticklish question of *how*—in what color and in what style. And it is a curious fact that even

Reprinted from *The New York Times*

those women who ordinarily intimidate their friends by the absolute conviction they bring to all subjects suddenly develop vast areas of insecurity the moment they have to say whether the ceiling should be painted lighter or darker than the walls.

I know one woman of unusually strong character who selected a college for her son in a single afternoon and who has always been able to plan a dinner for sixteen in five minutes. In a beauty parlor, when the manicurist asks her what color she wants her nails, she can glance at a rack of nineteen bottles of nail polish and announce "Carioca Pink" without a second's hesitation.

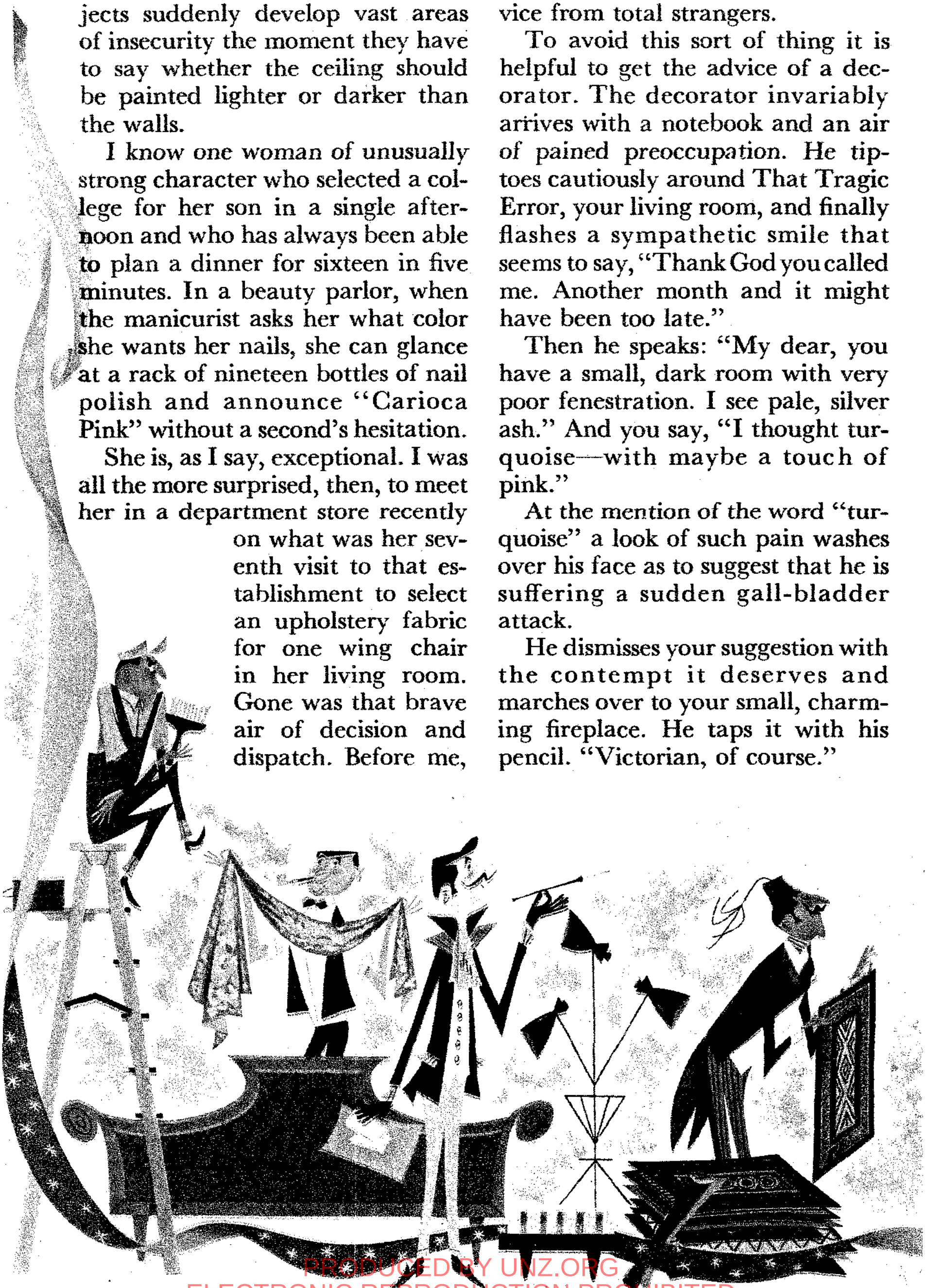
She is, as I say, exceptional. I was all the more surprised, then, to meet her in a department store recently on what was her seventh visit to that establishment to select an upholstery fabric for one wing chair in her living room. Gone was that brave air of decision and dispatch. Before me, adrift in a sea of samples, sat a broken figure pathetically waving swatches of damask and asking advice from total strangers.

To avoid this sort of thing it is helpful to get the advice of a decorator. The decorator invariably arrives with a notebook and an air of pained preoccupation. He tiptoes cautiously around That Tragic Error, your living room, and finally flashes a sympathetic smile that seems to say, "Thank God you called me. Another month and it might have been too late."

Then he speaks: "My dear, you have a small, dark room with very poor fenestration. I see pale, silver ash." And you say, "I thought turquoise—with maybe a touch of pink."

At the mention of the word "turquoise" a look of such pain washes over his face as to suggest that he is suffering a sudden gall-bladder attack.

He dismisses your suggestion with the contempt it deserves and marches over to your small, charming fireplace. He taps it with his pencil. "Victorian, of course."



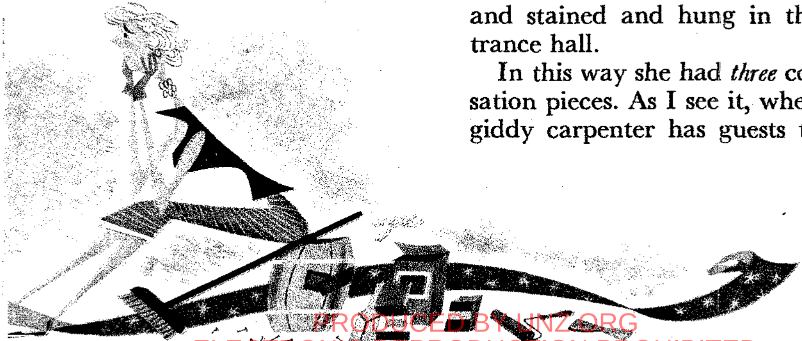
"Oh, yes," you burble helpfully, "it is perfect Victorian. That fireplace is really the reason we bought this house in the first place."

"Well"—his manner is now brisk and to the point—"we won't have any trouble with that. We can rip it out and put in sheetrock." You fire the decorator.

At this juncture you may be tempted to ask your husband for advice. Don't. Husbands have two different approaches to home decoration. First, there is the constructive but useless attitude: "Blue is such a pretty color, why don't you make everything blue?" Then, there is the destructive but useless attitude: "Oh, do what you want, but for Heaven's sake, don't have a lot of bloodshot petunias hanging all over like your sister Helen."

There is no point in explaining that those petunias are carnations and that they repose on a hand-screened English linen that costs $18.75 a yard.

You might look for help in the tonier magazines, although the pretty people in those four-color layouts don't seem to live like the rest of us. They apparently spend all their time out on terraces or patios, chastely broiling filets over new and expensive-looking braziers.



This outdoor life is undoubtedly sensible. How else would they get the vigor necessary for springing out of that curious low furniture they keep in the living room?

Once in a while you do see a picture of an attractive traditional room. Just last month I came across a room done entirely in seafoam green and chalk white. The only color accents were one red apple and a bright red magazine on the coffee table. It was lovely. Of course, you would have to be continually replacing that apple, and down through the years somebody would be bound to inquire why you still had that 1935 copy of *Charm*.

Then there are those "How To" pieces. I read a splendid one some time ago entitled "There Are Treasures in Your Attic." It told how a number of enterprising women had transformed forgotten monstrosities—dilapidated furniture, old nail kegs—into "Conversation Pieces."

One canny lady rescued a battered dresser and hacked it into three sections. The bottom section she covered with plywood and parchment paper to make a "very quaint" coffee table. The middle piece, after it had been sanded and pickled and equipped with cunning little brass handles, became a night table. And the top section, a drawer with a mirror over it, was sanded and stained and hung in the entrance hall.

In this way she had *three* conversation pieces. As I see it, when this giddy carpenter has guests to the house, they'll spend the whole long night talking about the furniture.

Did you know that properly treated old nail kegs make a charming pair of end tables for a rumpus room? If you shouldn't happen to have any old nail kegs in your attic, you can buy them—with the nails—for $19.50 apiece, and then, of course, you'll have all those nails.

But we are digressing. Even if you are going to re-do your living room, you'll probably have to put up with most of the furniture you already have, including that sturdy sofa you bought in 1923. Therefore, it will be mostly a matter of slipcovers, drapes and paint.

When you go to pick your fabrics, it is best to go to a large department store where nobody will ever wait on you. This way you are left alone for hours to mull over rolls of fabric. In a regular fabric house you get such excellent attention that it is impossible to make a selection. By the time the salesman has arranged twenty-eight samples on the rack, you begin to get a feeling of mounting panic that you are *never* going to like anything and that this lovely man is going to know you for the failure you are.

In this situation, I find it very helpful to divert the salesman. I usually say, "Yes, it's lovely—but I have to consider whether it will go with my pink grand piano."

The salesman is now definitely diverted. In fact, he is shaken to his foundations. In a moment he will be suggesting, in a strained voice, "Lady, the racks are over there—why don't you just look?"

In due time you will have selected material for your slipcovers, picked out a darker color for the drapes and a lighter color for walls, and dropped the whole confusing assortment at an upholsterer's. One day seven months later everything arrives, and it's beautiful—or maybe it isn't. You can always do it over again in twenty years or so.

## Of Friend and Foe

IF TWO FRIENDS ask you to judge a dispute, don't accept, for you will lose a friend. If two strangers ask you to judge a dispute, accept, for you will gain a friend.
—*Wall Street Journal*

OUR WORST ENEMIES are often the friends we once talked to as only a friend should.
—ADRIAN ANDERSON

IF YOU HAVE NO ENEMIES, you are apt to be in the same predicament in regard to friends.
—ELBERT HUBBARD

WE OFTEN MAKE more enemies by what we say than we make friends by what we do.
—JOHN COLLINS

A FRIEND will see you through when others see that you are through.
—LOUIS SOBOL (*New York Journal American*)

# Murphy Wee Mong

by John Carlova

HE'LL WIN YOUR HEART, THIS PUG-NOSED SINGAPORE RAGAMUFFIN WITH THE SECRET HE COULDN'T TELL

THE FIRST TIME I MET MURPHY he tried to sell me a shrunken head. It was in Singapore. I was sitting at a sidewalk cafe when this kid came strolling along with his shoeshine box. He looked me over, decided I was a tourist sucker and sidled up to make his pitch.

"Nice souvenir of Singapore, *tuan?* Nice shrunken head from Borneo?"

I told him I had a shrunken head. He glanced at the thing on my shoulders and seemed to nod in agreement.

"Nice opium den?" he then suggested. "*Tuan* wanna go to nice opium den?"

I told him I was dopey enough, and to forestall the next inevitable proposition, I assured him I wasn't interested in any of his female friends or relatives either.

"All right," the kid said. "How 'bout a shoe shine?"

I settled for that, and he unslung his shoeshine box and expertly went to work. He was small but sturdy, about 12 years old, barefooted and wearing only a tattered pair of shorts. I figured he was just another of the many Chinese kids who ran wild in Singapore.

But gradually, as he worked, I noticed the auburn glint

*"I know. I know everything in Singapore." And he did.*

in his close-cropped dark hair, the modified slant of his liquid black eyes, the faint sprinkling of freckles across his incongruous pug nose.

He grinned up at me. "What part America *tuan* from?"

"How do you know I'm from America?"

"*I* know. *I'm* from America, too. Brooklyn."

"Yeah?" I said. "What's your name?"

"Murphy."

Suddenly I recognized the twinkle in his eyes. The kid had a bit of old Erin in him all right.

"When did you leave Brooklyn?" I asked him becoming more curious.

"Oh," he said, realizing I had mistaken his slightly mangled English, "*I* never been to Brooklyn. My *father's* from Brooklyn."

"Well," I said, "where's your father?"

Murphy waved one arm seaward. "Away. He's a sailor."

"What about your mother?" I said. "Where's she?"

The kid stood up, his eyes abruptly opaque, his face impassive, all Chinese.

"No mother," he said, and his voice discouraged further questions.

I took a good look at him as I

got out my wallet. He had a scar over one eye and scratches on his legs.

"Look," I said, fingering the colorful sports shirt I was wearing, "you like this shirt?"

Suddenly, the kid's eyes shone. "Oh, yes—very nice shirt!"

I told him where I had bought it and shoved a bill in his hand. "Go get yourself one."

He thanked me and went racing away.

I thought that was the last I'd see of Murphy. But about midnight, when I left the office of the *Straits Times* where I worked, he was standing by my car resplendent in a red, green and gold sports shirt that hung on him like a surrealistic tent.

"Okay, *tuan?*" he asked.

It was funny, but I didn't laugh.

"Fine," I said. "Only don't you think it's a bit big?"

"I'll grow into it," the kid said confidently.

"Sure you will," I agreed, then: "Say, how did you know where to find me?"

Murphy grinned. "*I* know. *I* know everything in Singapore."

I SAW HIM OFTEN after that, mainly along rough and tumble Bugis Street. This is a lane near the waterfront choked with Chinese open air stalls selling prawns, shark fin soup, fried chicken and beer.

From midnight to dawn, in the hissing white glare of naphthalene lamps, it is packed with seamen, British soldiers, tourists, Chinese cabaret girls, formally-dressed late-nighters, ragged beggars, Indian fortune tellers and snake charmers, Javanese musicians, and swarms of shoeshine boys, most of them pretty expert pickpockets.

Murphy, it turned out, was the leader of these kids. Shoeshines were only a small part of his stock in trade. He peddled toothbrushes, socks, razor blades, contraceptives, pornographic pictures and "shrunken heads" cleverly carved from coconut shells. He also touted for opium and gambling dens, as well as bookmakers and prostitutes, and ran card and dice games among the cigarette-puffing shoeshine boys themselves.

All this would have been a dangerous load even for a full-grown hustler, let alone a kid of 12, and I tried a number of times to get Murphy out from under it. The trouble was, I could never pry the truth from the kid. To questions about his father, mother, relatives, or even where he lived, I got only a blank Chinese stare or a lot of Irish blarney.

One night I was having a drink in a cafe when suddenly the place was invaded by a couple of dozen shoeshine boys, yelling and running from table to table. Murphy was in the lead.

It took the waiters nearly 20 minutes to clear the kids out. Even then they stood around the doors shouting and catcalling.

"What's all that about?" I asked the Chinese proprietor.

"They're trying to make me pay protection money." He shook his head. "If I don't pay off, they keep bothering my customers."

Next day, I went around to police headquarters and had a talk with a police inspector who was familiar with Murphy's case. I learned that his legal name was Wee Mong.

"He's like a thousand other kids in this town," the inspector told me. "There's no room for them at home, or not enough to eat, so they run wild in packs. They earn what they can and steal when they get the chance. We simply have no place to put them—and we can't throw kids like that in jail."

"Can't you make his father look after him?"

The inspector snorted. "Murphy never saw his father. He was an Irish-American seaman who stayed a while with the kid's mother—and then moved on."

"All right," I said, "what about Murphy's mother?"

"She died of TB a few years ago—a very pretty Chinese cabaret girl who had two or three other kids besides Murphy, all by different fathers. There's nobody to look after Murphy."

I went home and told my wife and we decided to take the kid into our home and put him in school.

But Murphy seemed terrified at the idea of living with us.

"I can't," was all he'd say. "I just can't."

Realizing nothing would change his mind, I did the next best thing—I got him a job in the pressroom of the *Straits Times*. The very next day he slung a punch at his Malay boss and took off.

When I finally found Murphy a couple of weeks later, I shook him until he rattled and gave him a boot in the backside for good measure. That was a language he understood.

"Now!" I demanded. "What was the idea of leaving your job?"

Murphy made a face. "Aw, I couldn't stand those punks there, *tuan*. What a buncha *drips*—they don't know *nothin'*."

For a moment I nearly gave up—but I couldn't. I took a chance and tried shock treatment.

"Murphy," I said, "you've never seen your father, have you?"

It was like a slap in the face, but it paid off.

"No," he admitted, "I've never seen him."

"All right," I said. "Your father's not here but I am. So *I'm* going to be your father."

Murphy was a tough one, but all of a sudden he grinned.

"Okay, *tuan*," he said. "But I can't live in your house."

"You're free to do what you like," I assured him. "I just want you to promise me this: don't steal anything and don't do anything you *know* is wrong. If you need money, or help, come to me. Will you promise that?"

Murphy held out a grubby hand. "I promise, *tuan*."

He kept his promise. He disappeared from Bugis Street and turned up in the immaculate white uniform of a page boy at the swank Raffles Hotel.

"I thought you didn't want a steady job," I reminded him.

"This one is different," he confided. "*I* can spot the Americans when they come in—*I* get to them first and *I* get the big tips." He grinned. "It's much better than rolling drunks—not so heavy."

When he was 14, he came to me with a business proposition. He had a chance to take over a food and drink stall at Bedok, a seaside resort outside of town, but he needed 200 Straits dollars to swing the deal. Could I lend him the money? I could.

Murphy took over the stall, brought in three of his shoeshine pals as waiters and the go-getting little ex-racketeer soon was saving money and planning to take over other stalls.

Recently, when my contract with the *Straits Times* expired and we were preparing to leave Singapore, I went to invite Murphy to a farewell party. He wasn't at his stall but one of the waiters gave me his address.

I found the place, a rickety frame building, and knocked at the door. A girl of about ten opened it and looked up at me inquiringly.

"Does Murphy Wee Mong live here?" I asked.

"Yes, but he is out," she replied in good English. "Will you come in and wait?"

Inside were just a couple of cubicles, sparsely furnished but clean. As I waited, I noticed a little boy peeping around a corner at me.

"Who's that?" I asked the girl.

"My brother—he's very shy."

"And who are you?"

"I'm Murphy Wee Mong's sister."

"Does Murphy look after you and the little boy?" I asked, amazed.

"Oh, yes," she answered proudly. "Murphy has always looked after us."

Gradually it came out that Murphy had only been nine years old when his mother died, his sister five and his brother barely two. Yet the kid, with fists and cunning, had kept his little family together. That's why he had tricked tourists, rolled drunks, touted for prostitutes and beaten up bigger kids who got in his way. And that's why he refused to live with my wife and me.

When Murphy came in he knew at a glance that I had found out his secret. He was Chinese enough to regard that as loss of face.

For a moment I couldn't trust myself to speak—I was afraid I'd start blubbering. I couldn't afford to lose face.

## Small Talk

WHILE CLEANING HOUSE, I told five-year-old Eddie to look after his sister Annette. Later I heard him say, "Annette, take those crayons out of your mouth . . . they're my best ones." —MRS. MARCIA A. KIRBY

WHILE DRIVING with my little girl I tried to make conversation by asking about her friends. She told me that Jimmy was her best and first boy friend, Don her second, Cliff her third, Reid her fourth, Ken her fifth and God her sixth. I remarked that God might not be pleased with His rating, and went on to explain why He should be first.

After listening patiently, she said, "Yes, but I never get to *see* Him."

—GLENN G. SCHROEDER

# A Café You Have to Hear to Believe

by HENRY LA COSSITT

*From antipasto to zita, everything at Asti's is served in high C*

At Asti's, where music lovers dine,

THE PRIME MINISTER Robert G. Menzies of Australia recently wrote a friend in New York City: "I have been all over the world and never have I seen a nightclub like the Asti." The friend to whom Mr. Menzies wrote is Adolph Mariani, a tall, handsome Italian-American, who owns the Asti Restaurant in Greenwich Village.

Mr. Menzies might also have observed that he never had *heard* anything like the Asti. As a matter of fact, you have to hear it, as well as to see it, to believe it. This is because the Asti features grand opera, of all things, as entertainment.

Samuel Chotzinoff, the famed music critic, once observed: "The courses, from minestrone to zabaglione, are consumed to the music of deathless nostalgic arias like rare vocal wines." Zabaglione is a featured Asti dessert composed of egg yolks, sherry and sugar, brimming with calories and calculated to reduce nothing about you except your appetite.

By now, and in spite of the fact that opera is an art not ordinarily associated with saloons, a great many people, renowned and otherwise, have come to see, to hear, and to believe. Mr. Mariani, who sings opera himself in a very fine baritone, estimates that his restaurant serves about 450 people a night during the ten months of each year it is open.

They flock happily to the place from all over the United States—60 per cent of the customers are from out-of-town—to hear the Asti's bartenders, waiters, hosts, cigarette girls, Mr. Mariani himself, and assorted guests render the works

**Roy Campbell, barman-tenor, leads off an evening with a ringing aria from *Rigoletto*.**

of Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Mozart, and other masters.

The pianist is Roger Vaugn, former Yale music student and once accompanist for Ruth St. Denis, the dancer. Lena Mello, the hatcheck girl, who is 75 and claims to be the oldest hatcheck girl in New York, was once a cabaret singer and friend of the great Caruso.

The Asti's patrons include practically every important figure in the musical world, as well as a wide assortment of celebrities, from heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano —an opera lover—to actress Greta Garbo and author John Gunther. Prime Minister Menzies frequents the place whenever he is in New York; and Nicky, the musical taxidriver, has his stand in front of the Asti so that between trips he may listen to the music and sometimes exercise his own very pleasant tenor voice for the customers.

Everybody, of course, gets into the act sooner or later. Jerome Hines and Cesare Siepi, Metropolitan bassos, sing arias from *Don Giovanni* or "Ol' Man River"; John Raitt, the musical comedy star, will render the "Soliloquy" from *Carousel;* author Mackinlay Kantor, at the drop of a napkin, will let loose with "The Whiffenpoof Song."

Gil Gallagher, one of the restaurant's two hosts, is an operatic baritone who sings in various companies when not busy at the Asti, and who translates operas for music schools and producers. The other Asti host, John Avitable, is an operatic tenor and formerly a soloist at New York's Roxy Theater.

The Asti's origins are, of course, back in Italy, where Adolph Mariani was born 50 years ago in San Terenzo al Mare on the Gulf of Spezia.

Today Mr. Mariani owns a villa there, overlooking the sea, to which he takes his wife, Vienna, and their children each summer during July and August when the restaurant is silent. San Terenzo is, significantly, not far from Asti, the champagne center in Piedmont.

Adolph's father was a sea captain and wanted no part of music for his son. He therefore took him to sea. But Adolph jumped ship in New York, got a job as a dishwasher and resumed the singing lessons his father's interdiction had stopped in Italy.

Before he was through, Adolph studied with Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Amato, and other famed singers and teachers. He also performed in operettas and was a singing waiter in New York speakeasies.

But the big thing, opera, eluded Adolph. His voice was good, but not that good.

Adolph, consequently, came to the conclusion that if he wanted to indulge his passion for music, he'd have to subsidize it. So he opened his own speakeasy in West 12th Street where he could sing to his heart's content. He called it the Asti, after memories of his homeland. That was 24 years ago.

THE MODERN RESTAURANT, now moved just east of Fifth Avenue on 12th street, is a far cry from the little basement speakeasy of the early Depression days. Its walls are lined with Adolph's magnificent collection of photographs and memorabilia of practically every important operatic personality of the past century.

Adolph had some rough times with neighbors and the Eighteenth Amendment when he first opened the Asti. But music lovers are a sturdy fraternity.

Once, some elderly ladies brought him to court for maintaining a nuisance. He was making noise, they charged, just noise.

"How?" asked the judge.

"Why," said the indignant ladies, "by singing grand opera."

The judge fixed them with a stern eye. "Opera," he thundered, "is never noise! Case dismissed."

The judge, it seemed, was an opera fanatic. He had a very fine tenor voice himself and became a patron of the Asti, where he was heard for many years.

Naturally there were arrests for violation of the prohibition laws. But they came to very little. One, indeed, brought Adolph another patron—one of the prohibition agents happened to be a music lover and was entranced at Adolph's rendition of "The Anvil Chorus," from *Il Trovatore*.

Adolph couldn't afford a piano in those days and used a pitch pipe to start his waiters and barmen singing. One evening, as he happened to tap a full bottle of Scotch whisky with a muddler, he discovered that it gave a clear E Flat middle register tone.

E Flat was the key in which they sang the "Chorus," and that gave him an idea. He armed his barmen with muddlers and the group of them, hammering on bottles, performed the "Chorus" to the delight of the customers.

It is still being performed that way, with a cowbell and stewpot cover used along with the bottles; and with an empty cash register being banged open and shut in time to the music.

It is noteworthy that in all the years Adolph's bartenders have been singing the "Chorus," they have been so expert with the muddlers that not a bottle has been lost. At the end of the "Chorus" they sing the "Miserere" scene with Roy Campbell, one of the bartenders, joining in the famous duet with either Virginia La Rae or Louise Dobbs, the Asti's sopranos and cigarette girls, who have both sung professionally in opera.

Roy Campbell, now in his sixties and a grandfather, is a former symphonic clarinetist and operatic tenor whose voice is still so clear and strong that it frequently drew the late Olin Downes, music critic of *The New York Times*, to the Asti just to hear it.

Everybody, it would seem, gets to the Asti sooner or later. One night Adolph came in from his apartment on the floor above and was shocked to discover a stranger at the cash register taking in the money and filing the checks.

Adolph was about to escort him out forcibly when he was restrained by Gil Gallagher. Gil explained that the man was Henry Morganthau, Jr., former Secretary of the Treasury, and that, since his signature appeared on a great many of the green bills he was handling, he was eminently qualified for the job.

Mr. Morganthau's son, Henry III, a student at Juilliard School of Music, had brought his father to the Asti and in the course of the evening someone had thought it would be a good gag if he sat at the cash register. Mr. Morganthau had thought so too; and there he was.

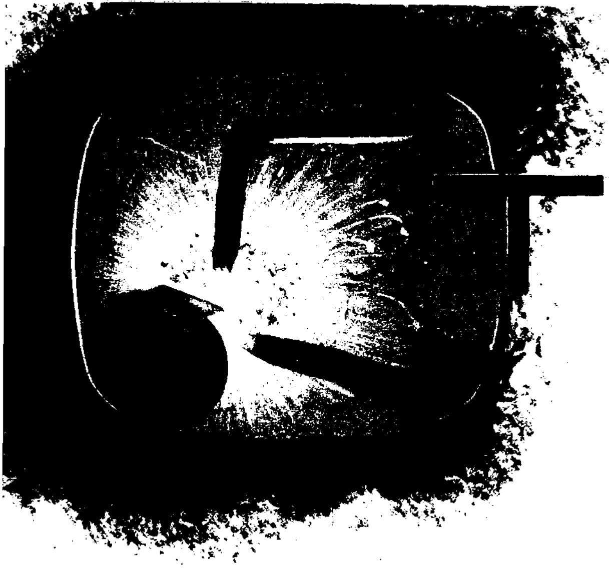
One of Adolph's specialties is an unusually tender rendering of Brahms' "Lullaby." One night there was a call from a man in California who had been at the Asti. His wife was going to have a baby, he said, and she was nervous. He wanted her to hear Adolph sing the "Lullaby" because he thought it would soothe her.

So Adolph sang over the 3,000 or so miles to the lady in California, with all the noise and gaiety of the Asti whirling around him. People who heard it testify that he never sang better, and a little later a letter arrived thanking him and saying his singing had had the desired effect.

It was a curious service for a Greenwich Village nightclub to perform—but that's the way it is at the Asti.

* * *

Nick Bisagli, frequent free-guest soloist.



# TV...

by NORMAN CARLISLE

SOMEWHERE IN THE murky waters of the English Channel the British submarine *Affray* was down with her 75 men and officers. Weeks went by and all hope for the men vanished. But the Admiralty was still desperately anxious to find the craft and determine what had sent her to the bottom. Yet the task seemed hopeless, for there were no clues to her whereabouts. . . .

In a steel factory in Gary, Indiana, where red hot bars of steel were being fed between rollers at a speed of 2,000 feet a minute, something was wrong. Lights flashed, bells rang, metal shrieked against metal, and the mechanism came to a grinding halt. The operator had not been able to see the trouble impending in this marvel of automation. . . .

A large department store was suffering heavy losses from shoplifters. Detectives assigned to mingle with the crowd were unable to catch the thieves, who were operating with unusual cleverness. . . .

All three of these problems were solved by a new scientific wonder, a super-human eye that sees underwater, peers into the blinding glare of molten steel, secretly spies out criminals at work. Through the magic of electronics it gives a new dimension to human sight, with startling results in science, industry, business and medicine. This is ITV—short for industrial television—which has opened such amazing possibilities that scientists now predict it will become even more spectacular than entertainment TV.

ITV, also called closed circuit television, has been made possible by a new kind of TV camera which does not require an operator, bright lighting or great bulk. The ITV camera is not much bigger than a cigar box and consists mainly of a small "seeing tube," a light-gathering tube that translates images

# Servant of Industry

*Closed circuit television is accomplishing miracles in science, business and medicine—it even catches shoplifters red-handed!*

which fall upon it into electronic impulses. These are then carried through a cable or by short wave transmitter to the receiver, which may be an ordinary TV set.

Costing as little as $1,000, the camera is a tough, versatile version of its elaborate, high-cost counterpart in the TV studios. Insulated, it can stand furious heat; heated, it will work in arctic cold; steel jacketed, it can operate under water or high in the stratosphere.

"It can go any place," engineers say. "This thing makes it possible to oversee processes that are too dangerous, difficult, expensive, inconvenient, inaccessible, tiring, far away, hot, cold, high, low, dark or small otherwise. With an ITV camera you can *see* where you can't *look*."

Its dazzling possibilities have become so apparent that those giants of electronics, Radio Corporation of America and General Electric Company, have thrown their resources into the field. Experts foresee a vast new business, with literally tens of thousands of ITV cameras at work from Main Street to Broadway, from lonely wilderness forests to the depths of the sea.

"A vast new frontier for electronics," says RCA's David Sarnoff, the man who prophesied the coming of commercial radio broadcasting and television at a time when others had not dreamed of them.

In the search for the *Affray*, the TV camera was put into a watertight diving bell equipped with searchlights, then dropped overside and pulled along behind a slowly moving ship. As the craft roved the channel, the men aboard got a grim picture of the bottom, for the searching eye of the camera disclosed numerous sunken wrecks.

On the 59th day of the search, a conning tower appeared on the screens aboard the ship, then identifying marks of the *Affray*. Later, at a spot distant from the sub, the cameras picked up the damaged snorkel, which was found to have had a weakness that accounted for the disaster.

Since this event proved the spectacular underwater capabilities of ITV our own Navy's Bureau of Ships has been experimenting with it to examine the hulls of vessels and study the condition of piers, otherwise a slow, difficult and dangerous task for divers.

Meanwhile, on land, ITV cameras have cured some of industry's worst headaches. Consider the problem of the yardmaster of Southern Pacific's giant Taylor yard in Los Angeles. It took an elaborate system of signals to report the movement of cars in and out of this two-mile-long, ten-million-square-feet yard.

Now a railroadman's dream has come true. Every car, of the thousands in the yard, comes under the sharp scrutiny of ITV cameras. Eight of them are focused on strategic stretches of track, five are roving cameras that can not only be moved from place to place, but can, by merely pushing buttons on a central control panel, be made to revolve in almost a full circle.

"It's like having a hundred eyes," say delighted railroaders who have been testing out this first large-scale railroad use of the new electronic whiz-bang.

NOT LONG AGO, soldiers swarmed ashore in an amphibious exercise at Fort George Meade, Maryland, which made military history. For in regimental headquarters, officers saw every detail of the landing on TV screens. They saw close-ups of the men's faces; studied the performance of tanks, guns and other equipment; watched the movements of "enemy" forces.

A patient lay on the operating table in a Pennsylvania hospital What was wanted was a swift confirmation of the diagnosis by consulting specialists. The operating surgeon got it instantly, though the consultants were a hundred miles away.

In this dramatic instance, Dr. I. S. Radvin, of the University of Pennsylvania, performed the operation. While the cameras looked first at the patient, then into the incision, and finally at a magnified piece of tissue as seen under a microscope, a special diagnostic conference of doctors looked on—150 of them, some in Baltimore, some in Washington.

According to Dr. Radvin, this points the way toward bringing in the greatest specialists on any case, no matter how distant they may be.

Big department stores like Gimbel Brothers in Philadelphia have brought ITV into retailing. Receivers pick up displays of merchandise, or fashion shows in distant points in the store.

The ITV camera's ability to enter places barred to human eyes already credits it with fabulous accomplishments in industry. In the Gary rolling mill of U. S. Steel, the problem confronting the operators of a monster machine was simply that no device could tell when a strip somewhat different from its fellows had entered the rollers.

Not until screaming metal was piling up against the side of the coilers would this fact be revealed. Then there was nothing to do but stop the whole giant machine while men struggled to get the strip out. Each such shut-down cost thousands of dollars in lost production.

No human being could withstand

the furious heat at the spot where impending trouble would be revealed, but the magic eye of ITV had no such sensitivity. Into the rafters above the machine went a single tiny camera. Now the operator of the vast mechanism can examine the great glowing strips of steel as if he were a few feet away from them.

In a large department store, a professional shoplifter had just stowed away a package of photographic film in a purse already well filled with other items she had just lifted.

Suddenly, she felt a tap on her shoulder. "You're under arrest," a voice said.

The shoplifter tried to argue with the officer. She had, she said, just been about to hand the film to a clerk.

"Maybe so," said the officer, "but what about the perfume and the pair of black gloves you've got in your purse?"

When the thief stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment, she got an explanation of how he knew so much. "Lady," the policeman said, "you've just been on TV."

Cameras guard the 300-yard fence of the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts so effectively that workers attending other duties can keep an eye on the TV screen. The saving in salaries for guards amounts to $12,000 a year.

Engineers see all this as only a start on the meteoric career of closed circuit TV. They tell of a breathtaking variety of uses for their bantam-sized electronic marvel.

In the future it will, they predict, become part of your daily home life. It will flash the image of the person ringing your doorbell, let you watch the baby's crib from any part of the house, keep an eye on the children at play in the yard.

Meanwhile, it will find thousands of new uses, some already tried—like guarding forests against fire, watching highways for speeders, keeping track of snowfall in distant mountain watersheds—and perhaps others still unforeseen.

And, say the forecasters, it will be the versatile eye of ITV that will bring the world the greatest spectacular of all—bigger than any glittering all-star show ever staged by man. For, carried in rockets bound outwards for the heavens, it will be one of these fabulous little cameras that will give humanity its first full look at our Earth as it whirls through space.

## Soundly Stated

A MAN visited a psychiatrist and complained that he kept dreaming of girls, lightly clad, running in and out of his room. "You want me to cure you of dreaming about semi-nude girls running around?" the psychiatrist asked.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man. "I want you to make them stop slamming the door." —ROBERT SYLVESTER, New York *Daily News*

# Ordeal on the

*by* ANDREW HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

AT NOON on Friday, February 3, 1950, a mass of bitterly-cold air swept down over the Rocky Mountain states and cattle froze stiff on the ranges, water pipes burst, automobiles stalled in the streets.

At sunset the temperature was near zero—and dropping fast—as 40-year-old L. L. "Andy" Anderson and his wife Melba were eating dinner with their friends, Ben and Lorene Goe, at an inn in Dillon, Montana. They'd spent the day in Dillon on business.

"Should we chance it back home tonight?" asked Andy. "Across the Continental Divide? It's getting mighty cold . . ."

"My new Chrysler has a big heater," Ben said. "Let's go."

At eight P.M. the Andersons and the Goes set out on the lonely drive to their homes in Salmon, Idaho, 116 miles away. The cold wind buffeted the heavy car, but inside it was warm and cozy.

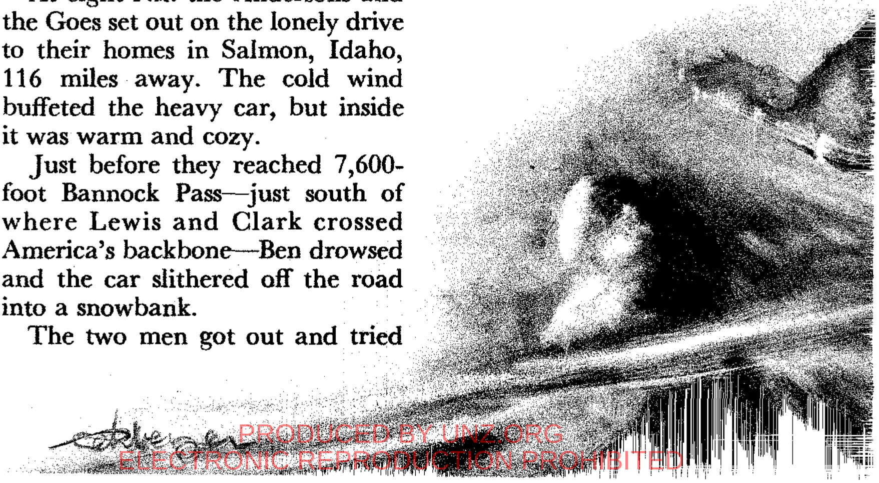
Just before they reached 7,600-foot Bannock Pass—just south of where Lewis and Clark crossed America's backbone—Ben drowsed and the car slithered off the road into a snowbank.

The two men got out and tried to chop the wheels loose, but ice gripped them tightly.

The cold cut like a whip and Andy thought to himself, "*We could freeze to death before morning.*" An ex-game warden, rancher, trapper and guide, he knew how treacherous the mountain could be.

"Ben, there may not be another car along this road until tomorrow morning," he said. "I'll walk down the other side of the Divide and get help. You stay here with the girls."

Thinking there would be no need to get out of the car, Andy was dressed only in a light gabardine suit and a pair of low-cut oxfords. In his suitcase, however, were woolen mittens and a suit of winter underwear. He put them on and set out.



# Continental Divide

HALF-CONSCIOUS, IN THE BONE-CHILLING COLD, ANDY ANDERSON WALKED 12 MILES—AND SAVED THREE LIVES

It was 12 miles to Leadore, Idaho, the nearest community where help would be available. There was no moon, but the road ran downhill all the way. It would take about four hours, he figured, and there were a couple of ranches somewhere along the line. But whether or not he could find them in the dark he didn't know.

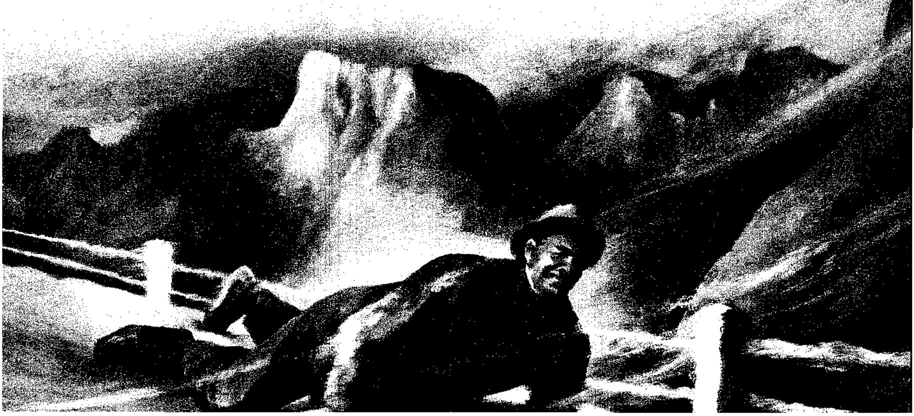
As Andy walked, the cold bit deeper. He tried to shield his face with his gloved hands, but his jaw numbed and his teeth ached. When he stuffed a stick of chewing gum into his mouth to keep the blood circulating, the cold crumbled it like a cracker.

For the first time, fear brushed Andy's heart. He rubbed his cheeks and neck, threshed his arms and stamped his feet. He tried to run. Still the awful numbness crept into his fingers, face and toes, seeming to hold him as in a terrible vise.

After about three hours, the tendons of his legs began to knot up, even walking downhill. Must be getting fairly close to Leadore now, he reasoned—and it was a considerable shock to recognize the mouth of Cruikshank Canyon, a landmark only about half way.

Suddenly, he began to laugh hysterically. Three hours of walking and only half way down the hill! Then he began to cry, the teardrops freezing on his face.

"Come on, Anderson, get a grip on yourself!" he shouted into the



black night. Light snowflakes which stung like naked razor blades drifted down.

That seemed to help some, until he looked down at his tired legs and found he wasn't walking any more. *He was shuffling!* Try as he might, he couldn't lift his feet off the ground, only push them along.

Real fear took hold of him then, and suddenly he found himself singing an old Mormon hymn:

*Fear not, I am with thee*
*Oh, be not dismayed;*
*For I am thy God,*
*And will still give thee aid . . .*

As a youngster in Bothwell, Utah, Andy had been the eldest of five brothers in a Mormon family. He'd attended Sunday school regularly and as a youth had entered the lay priesthood of the church.

But in working on remote ranches and in mines, he'd neglected the habit of regular church attendance. Now, although he'd lost the habit of praying, Andy looked up into the snowy blackness and said:

"I'm not afraid, Lord. Not for myself. But I need your help so that those three others in the car won't die in this terrible cold."

He shuffled painfully on until he saw a dancing light a little way off the road. Was it a house? Or just his imagination? He began to drag his feet toward it. Then, as he got close, it faded.

"Wait a minute," he muttered to himself. "You'd better not get out into that snow and get wet, or you're a goner for sure."

He returned to the road and plodded on, cold, bone-weary, almost unconscious.

Suddenly, Andy slipped on a patch of ice and fell. He was so numb that he felt only a rude jolt, no pain.

He lay there, drowsily comfortable and at peace with the world. But he still had just enough wits to realize this was a common preliminary to freezing to death. So he struggled to his feet.

Then he noticed another twinkle of light. This one was a ranch house. He shambled off on a side road until he finally reached it, and rattled the screen door.

It opened a crack and Andy, powdered with white and looking like the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas, stumbled into a warm kitchen.

"Who . . . who are you?" asked the terrified old man who let him in. "If you're a robber, take anything you want."

"Only want to get warm," mumbled Andy and collapsed into a chair.

After a cup of coffee, he explained about the stalled car. The rancher had no telephone, but offered to drive Andy to Leadore. But when they got into the car, the frozen motor refused to turn over.

It was now 2:30 A.M. Although his feet were still numb and his frozen face ached, Andy started on again.

It took him almost an hour to shuffle the last half mile to Leadore. At the edge of town he saw lights in a tavern, heard music and voices inside. He stumbled to the front door and knocked.

The door opened and a voice snarled: "Go away. We ain't serving no more." The door slammed.

Andy staggered around to the back and pushed into a barroom smoky with warmth and gaiety.

"Where's the highway maintenance office?" he asked the first man he saw.

"Who cares? Have a drink."

Andy tried to explain that he desperately needed help: his wife and friends were stalled on Bannock Pass.

"Listen to this guy!" somebody said. "Claims he walked down off the Divide. How about that?"

Those within earshot laughed.

Andy shut his eyes. "Lord, I thank Thee for getting me to Leadore. I need your strength again."

He grabbed an empty glass and smashed it down on the bar. The crash suddenly silenced the hubbub.

"Listen to me, you people!" Andy shouted. "I walked down from the summit tonight and I'm half frozen. But there are three people up there who need help. They'll die unless they get it . . . and soon! Now, where's the highway maintenance office?"

A man said quietly: "Come with me. I'll show you."

He led Andy through the snow to the highway maintenance office and roused the supervisor out of bed. Soon he and Andy were on their way back to the Continental Divide in a four-wheel-drive truck.

They got there just in time. Ben had tried to keep the motor running slowly so that the heater would warm them. But the exhaust fumes filtered into the car.

At one point he seemed to go out of his head. Shouting crazily for Andy to come back, he started down the road. It was all Melba and Lorene could do to get him back into the car.

By the time Andy returned, the gas tank was empty and all three were huddled together in the terrible cold waiting for death.

A thermos of hot coffee revived them, the gravel truck pulled the car out of the snowdrift, gasoline was poured into the tank and Ben was able to drive to Salmon where there was a hospital.

When Andy awoke late that afternoon, his pillow was black from blood that had seeped out through the pores of his frozen face and neck. Otherwise he felt pretty good.

Later, he learned that nearly 30 persons had perished that night, some in temperatures that dropped to *40 degrees below zero* in areas of Idaho and Montana.

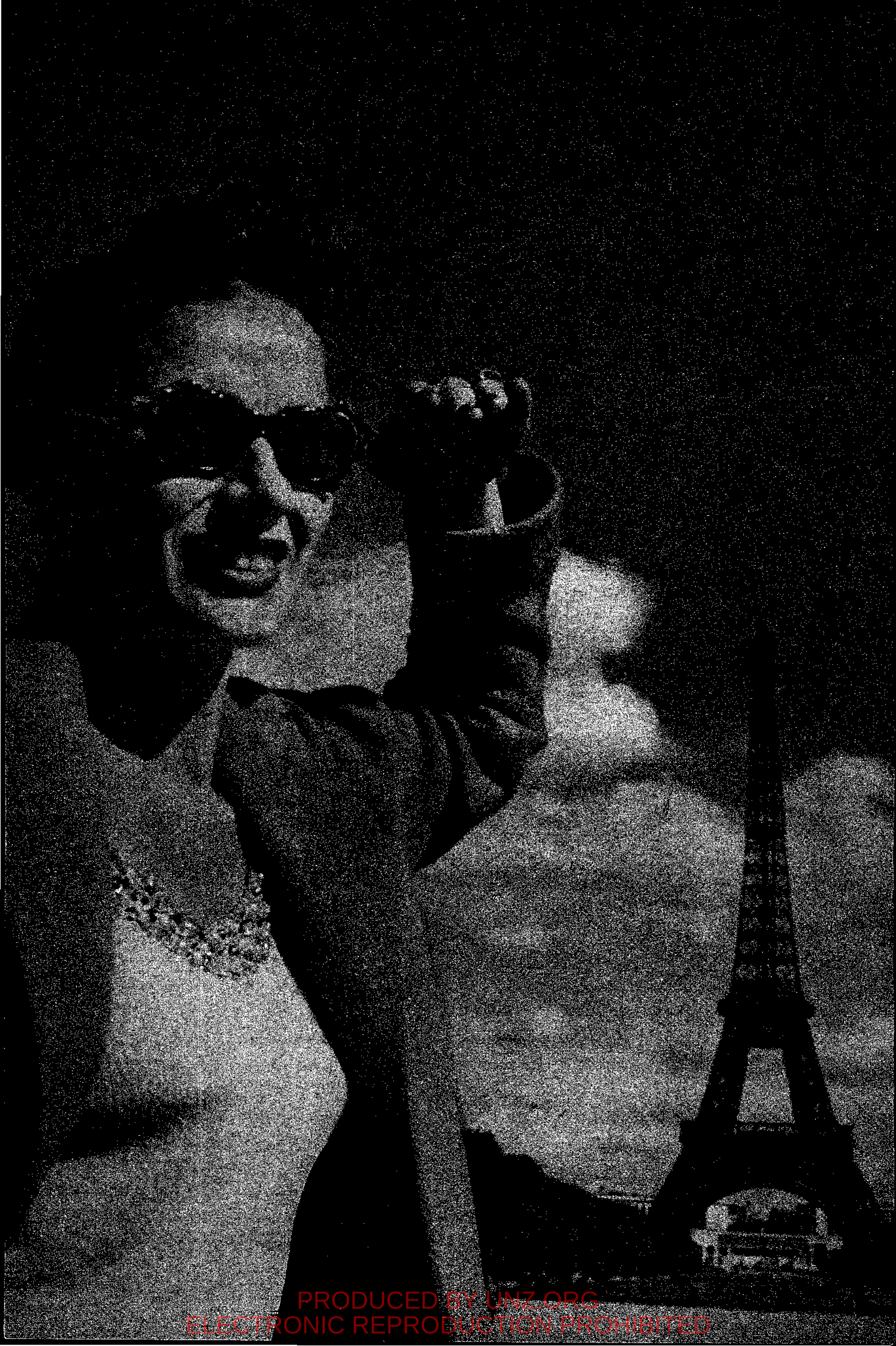
"Tell me," he asked the doctor when he came in to check up, "why weren't my legs working right back there on the highway?"

"It was so cold your heart wasn't pumping blood. It was pumping icy slush. If you hadn't had a good ticker, you'd be dead by now."

But Andy knows it was more than just a strong heart. A song and a prayer had put courage there.

* * *

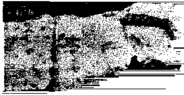
SPRING, once heralded by the first bare toes in the schoolroom, is now announced by the first bare midriff in the supermarket.—SENATOR SOAPER



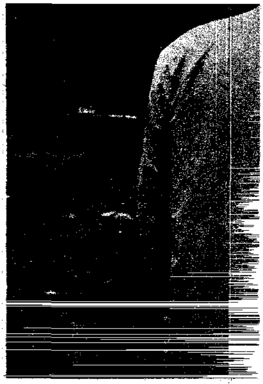
# A Housewife's Dream Trip

WHISKED BY AIR to Europe, smothered in receptions, overwhelmed by publicity, and worn out with 10 days of sight-seeing and fashion stalking, a gentle, winsome housewife returned to earth to her small five-room cottage in Fullerton, Pennsylvania. It took a lifetime of longing and 25 thoughtful words to make the journey come true. The tour was arranged by Hess Brothers department store in Allentown as a prize to the woman who best answered the question, "Why do you want to visit the fashion centers of Paris, Rome, and Florence?" Mrs. Donald E. Cummings' last-minute-to-midnight entry won over 3,000 others. Outfitted with a complete new wardrobe by the store as part of the prize, the 27-year-old mother of two daughters, ages one and two, departed with two suitcases and starry eyes. It was an excursion even a dowager could envy. Accredited as a high-fashion buyer, the doors of the most exclusive boutiques and sumptuous salons were opened to her. Italian designers Schuberth and Fabiani answered her couturier questions; Dior allowed her the unheard of privilege of trying on an original. The finest hotels, the best restaurants, the plushest nightclubs—all were included. Europe became the famous names Mary Lou Cummings had always read about. Rome at high noon, Florence in moonlight, and Paris at dawn—a dream to live—and to remember. On the following pages are the pictures and, in her own words, the story of that dream.

"What did I think of it all? Well, Europe *is* all it's cracked up to be. It reeks with history. And everybody is so nice and polite, just like here at home. What I liked best was the leisurely living over there; here we seem on a turnstile whirling around in comparison. The food was excellent, and I liked the idea of eating late—after you've relaxed at the end of the day. As for the fashions, they were spectacular. But, well, unless you've plenty of money to have clothes made, a woman is far better off in the United States because of better quality and greater selection of ready-to-wear clothes. European stores are no match to ours. You just can't beat the United States—and that goes for all the fashions too."



"It took 12 hours to fly from New York to Paris—smooth all the way. I spent most of my time in the stratocruiser's lounge nibbling hors d'oeuvres and talking. I bet I must have talked my way across the North Atlantic. I was just too excited to sleep."

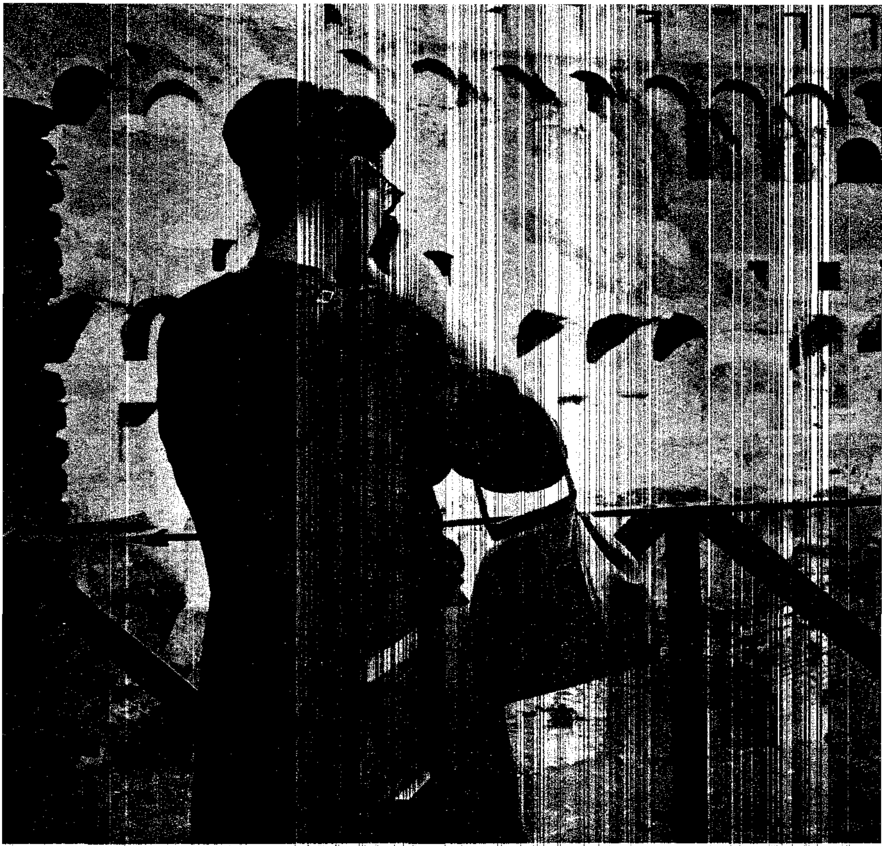


"When I got to Rome, one of the first places I made for was the Fountain of Trevi. Naturally I tossed a coin over my shoulder into the fountain to insure, according to superstition and song, my eventual return to the Eternal City."

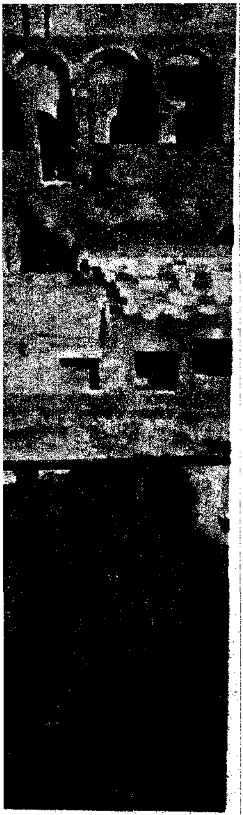
"At Balenciaga's in Paris, I sat enraptured for three hours among the leading fashion buyers of the world, watching chic French models parade the latest line."

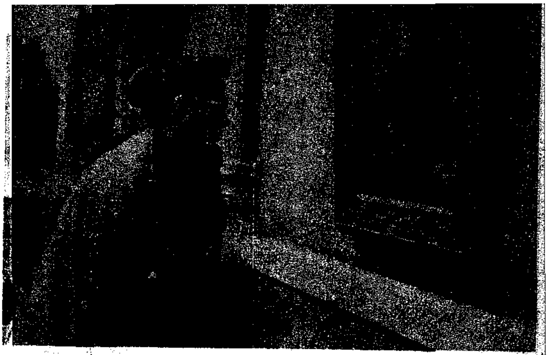
"This was a treat. Rome's most fashionable shoe stylist, Dal Co, personally measured my feet for pumps."

"At Christian Dior's I tried on the most expensive gown of his entire collection, a satin sheath dripping with white mink and pearls. A mere $4,500."



"All Europe was a thrill but for me I guess the high spot was touring old Rome, photographing the Colosseum, and visiting Vatican City. From Rome I went by express train to Florence, the home of the renaissance, where I shopped on the ancient Ponte Vecchio. And by moonlight, I walked along the Arno River."





"In Paris there was the Louvre. I saw the Mona Lisa and was awed and disappointed."

"And the bookstalls on the Seine—I can't read French, but I bought a book anyway."

"I never saw anything like Monseigneur's in Paris. Talk about swank nightclubs, there was champagne by the gallon and a phalanx of romantic violins. I went with a friend of a friend and danced the night away. I'll never forget it."

"Suddenly, I was home. It was all over. It seemed like I hadn't been away at all. I was sorry, but not really. I was happy to be back. Back to the children and Donald."

"At Hess's I showed the store's merchandising managers why I had fallen in love with this Empire style gown which I first saw at Fabiani's in Rome. My report must have impressed them. Despite its retail price, $3600, they bought it."

dishes to wash, food to buy, the children
ream. What happened to Rome, to Flore
w I guess. It happened so recently . . .

# BEWARE OF DENTAL BOOTLEGGERS

**Their malpractice can cause loss of all your teeth—even death, yet millions expose themselves to these racketeers**

*by* Lester David

NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND would permit an untrained automobile mechanic to put a wrench to his ailing car. Yet, incredible as it sounds, nearly a million persons allow themselves to be treated each year by illicit "dentists" who never studied dentistry.

The shocking truth is that swarms of dental bootleggers are now operating in virtually every part of the country. These are unscrupulous dental laboratory technicians—many fresh from a quickie course—who "practice" dentistry in airless cubbyholes, rat-infected loft buildings and frequently in a corner of their own basements or garages.

They offer cut-rate dentistry to all comers, taking impressions, making bridges, constructing entire plates and, if the customer is willing, even pulling teeth. And all this without the benefit of a dental school diploma or even, in many instances, as much as an eigth-grade education.

Sometimes they make appliances that fit and work. All too often, however, something goes wrong.

In St. Louis, for instance, a pretty housewife only 33 years old wept when her dentist said she must lose all but four of her teeth. A Los Angeles accountant suffered agonizing ear, neck and jaw pains for weeks, finally winding up in a hospital. In New York, the two sons of a 60-year-old widow were taken aside by a doctor and told that their mother needed an immediate operation. She had cancer of the upper palate. Something, in each of these cases, went wrong.

These are by no means isolated cases, they are taken at random from literally tens of thousands of mouth cripples, each a testimonial to the handiwork of an unscrupulous dental bootlegger.

These phony dentists have grown so numerous and so bold that the American Dental Association and ethical laboratories are thoroughly alarmed.

The ADA states: “You can hardly find one dentist anywhere in the entire nation who has not had to repair mouth damage, most of it serious, done by the fast-working incompetents who know nothing of mouth anatomy or human physiology and care less.”

“I LOVE HER—
THAT'S WHY!”
George Burns writes a
loving tribute
to his devoted
stage partner
and the
mother of his children.
IN APRIL CORONET

The Dental Information Bureau of the ADA estimates that unethical technicians collect $10,000,000 each year from persons in New York City and Chicago alone, and that the annual take throughout the U.S. runs close to $50,000,000. The Dental Laboratory Association says that even these staggering figures are conservative, that the yearly gouge is closer to $200,000,000 and that at least one out of every ten dental appliances made in the U.S. today is constructed by a bootleg dentist.

What has caused this situation to develop? To understand what happened, add together these two facts:

*The first:* Almost 95 per cent of all prosthetic appliances—bridgework, restorations, plates, inlays, crowns, etc.—are fabricated for the dentist by the commercial laboratory. Few professional men with busy practices can devote the time needed to manufacture these restorations themselves. The dentist takes impressions of the patient's mouth, makes a model of the jaw and sends it to the lab for processing according to instructions which he writes out in a prescription.

*The second:* Sixty years ago, the DIB reports, there was only one commercial dental laboratory for every 8,500 dentists in the country; in 1952 there was one for every 13, and the gap is shrinking steadily.

It thus becomes clear that too many hopeful young men flocked into an already overcrowded field and found the going rough. For example, the average income of New York State's 4,500 technicians, the state's association reports, is less than $80 a week. And so the temptation to grab off extra income became strong and many succumbed.

Thus a good number pass the word around that they're in “private business” and openly see customers during working hours. This is easily arranged since about 40 per cent of all labs are one-man affairs.

Others, more cautious, do their private work at home. Still others have found it more profitable to dispense with their work for dentists and devote full time to bootleg operations.

Why do so many people patronize them? The answer lies in the lure of the bargain.

“Why pay the dentist so much money for a bridge or a set of false teeth?” goes the bootlegger's pitch.

"We do all the work anyway, even if you go to a dentist first. So why pay for the dentist's fancy office furniture, his expensive instruments and his education?"

The unethical technician's fees may be lower, but so are his standards. And frequently the customer finds he bought an expensive bargain.

One day in Chicago, for instance, the counterman at a quick lunch place suggested the pot roast specialty to a patron, who turned it down with the explanation that he could only manage soft foods.

"Uppers are giving me trouble," he said. "They're pretty old and need fixing but I can't afford to go to the dentist."

The counterman thereupon leaned over and told him about a cut-rate man a few blocks away.

Next day the man went there, and within a week was sporting a brand new upper plate which he was told cost him half of what a dentist would charge. A few days later, however, he was back at the hole-in-the-wall lab with the complaint that his jaw ached.

"Just keep wearing it," he was told. "You have to get used to it."

Two weeks passed, the pain got much worse and again he returned to the lab. The technician was gone, without a forwarding address.

This customer was lucky. He went to a licensed dentist for help before any damage, requiring extensive repair to his mouth and jaw, was done.

One of the prime risks in dealing with the bargain basement tooth merchants is that a denture seldom fits perfectly right away. It must be adjusted into place carefully and this may take a number of visits to the dentist. Dental bootleggers, faced with a poor fit problem, generally throw up their hands and suggest making a new set—for a new fee, of course.

There are other, and graver, perils, all of which stem from the hard fact that there is more to making an artificial denture than having a patient bite on a piece of wax and casting a mold. The work of prosthetics, as this branch is called, is actually among the most delicate and demanding in the entire field of dentistry. A complete knowledge of facial musculature, jaw movements, articulation and general oral hygiene is needed to do a competent job.

WHAT CAN HAPPEN if this knowledge is lacking? For one thing, an ill-fitting denture can play hob with a key joint near the ear called the temporomandibular joint.

Put your finger beside your ear lobe and open and close your mouth —that is the joint working. If it is irritated through badly-fitting teeth, excruciating ear and neck pains can ensue, plus a constant, nerve-shredding, sleep-destroying tinnitus, or ringing in the ears.

Improperly-made clasps on partial dentures can, in a short while, loosen the teeth on which they are anchored to the point where they must be extracted.

An improper bite, caused by sloppy bridgework, can bring on resorption or shrinkage of the bone and ultimately result in periodontal disease, or infection of the gum and bone. In Los Angeles, an automobile mechanic now has to wear a full false plate. He is only 37, but all his lower teeth had to be extracted because of neglected periodontal disease for which he can thank a technician masquerading as a dentist. A real dentist is trying to save his upper teeth and he may not succeed.

A denture which pinches mouth tissue can also cause painful ulcerations, and even mouth cancer. Incidentally, a visit to a dentist, who is trained in oral health, is also automatically a checkup for incipient mouth cancer; a visit to a technician pretending to be a dentist is not. The difference may cost a life.

The illicit operators generally confine themselves to local "practice" but some have two departments—one for the walk-in trade and one for mail order. The latter gets its business from persons responding to eye-catching advertisements promising "new false plates from old in 24 hours."

Send in your old, cracked, chipped, broken dentures and get them back swiftly at fantastically low cost, the ads say. Prices advertised *are* low, ranging from about $15 for a standard job to about $30 for a de luxe one. But each set is a mouthful of trouble, and usually far more costly than the victim was led to believe.

Some labs send customers wax, with do-it-yourself instructions to heat, bite and send back.

Can the false teeth racket be stopped? The ADA has two major suggestions for rooting out the phonies:

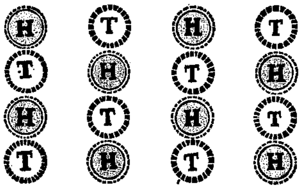
Start with much more rigid enforcement of the existing laws. Illicit technicians violate the dental practices laws of the states in which they work. These statutes may differ in minor respects from state to state, but in general they stipulate that no one but a licensed dentist may work on a patient's mouth or construct an appliance for a mouth. In other words: "Put stronger teeth in these laws and you'll have better teeth in people's mouths."

But there is another, more effective way of driving the racketeers out of business, and it's wrapped up in this counsel from the ADA: "Don't buy their wares. They are selling you more woe than you ever dreamed came in small packages."

It makes good sense. The false teeth racket cannot survive if customers refuse to bite.

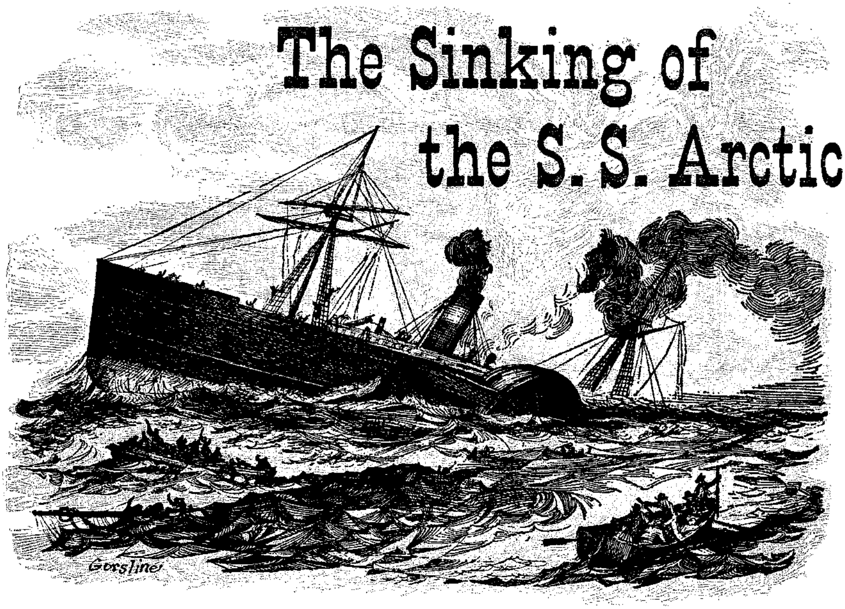
**NOODLE ANNOYER**

## A "Two Touchy" Problem



HERE YOU CAN SEE an arrangement of coins, always one "head" next to a "tail" and so forth. Can you assemble all heads and tails in their own horizontal rows? You are allowed to touch only two coins during the whole maneuver. Answer on page 60. —GERARD MOSLER

# The Sinking of the S. S. Arctic



*In one of the sea's worst tragedies, not a woman or child was saved*

*by* John Durant

At noon on September 27, 1854, the luxury liner *Arctic*, bound from Liverpool to New York with more than 400 passengers and crew aboard was some 40 miles off Cape Race, Newfoundland. The 285-foot side-wheeler was proceeding at 13 knots when Captain James C. Luce stepped out on deck to take observations.

The sea was calm and there were low-lying patches of fog ahead which limited visibility to about three quarters of a mile. But the fog was not thick enough, in Luce's opinion, to warrant a reduction of speed.

Having taken the sun's altitude, Captain Luce retired to the chartroom to work out the ship's position. A moment later, a loud cry of alarm came from the bow lookout. Instantly, the order "Hard starboard!" was shouted by the officer of the deck. But it was too late for the *Arctic* to swerve out of the path of an oncoming steamer.

Captain Luce reached the deck just in time to see it sideswipe his starboard bow.

The stranger was the *Vesta*, a 200-ton French steamer, and ten feet of her bows were completely sheared away by the collision.

In the belief that his own ship was comparatively uninjured and that the *Vesta* must surely sink in a few minutes, Captain Luce immediately ordered a lifeboat lowered to go to the aid of the French vessel.

All was calm aboard the *Arctic*, for the impact of the collision was so slight that most of the passengers were not aware of the accident. In the engine room not even a tremor was felt.

But from the *Vesta* came cries of terror as her people swarmed onto the decks and fought for places in a pair of lifeboats that were being lowered. Many plunged overboard and were drowned in the frigid 45-degree water.

CAPTAIN LUCE ORDERED slow speed ahead and twice circled the stricken *Vesta*. It was not long, however, before he realized that his own ship was the one that needed help. In the murky engine room, water was cascading through several holes in the bow and gaining faster than the pumps could eject it.

Quickly, Captain Luce ordered a sail passed over the bow to cover the leaks. But it was impossible to get a snug fit. The largest hole was over five feet long, a foot wide and was several feet below the water line.

Forgotten were the *Vesta* and the lifeboat which had gone to her aid. Both had disappeared in the fog.

Captain Luce now decided to make a run for Cape Race. With the steam pumps and four hand deck pumps working all-out, it was possible that the liner might be kept afloat long enough to make shore. He ordered full steam ahead.

The ship had scarcely gotten under way when out of the fog appeared a *Vesta* lifeboat, directly in the path of one of the *Arctic's* churning paddle wheels. In a moment the boat was splintered to bits. The sole survivor was Francois Gajoick, a French Canadian fisherman, who managed to grasp a dangling rope and haul himself aboard the *Arctic*.

Below decks the water, inching higher and higher, soon reached the ash pits and drowned out all fires. The great ship had made less than a dozen miles when she labored to a stop and lay helpless.

Captain Luce ordered the five remaining lifeboats to be made ready for as many women and children as they could carry. At first a semblance of order was maintained, but it was not long before panic swept the ship. It was touched off by the firemen who had broken into the liquor storeroom and, half drunk and fear-crazed, poured on deck, lowered the first lifeboat at hand and rowed off in it.

The ruthless act put an end to all discipline. Another lifeboat was broken down by people rushing at the davits, and many were hurled into the sea. Another was seized by the chief engineer and his assistants who made off with it, threatening to shoot anyone who interfered.

In desperation, Captain Luce ordered the oars and thole pins removed from the last lifeboat so that no one could row away in it.

By this time there was not a seaman left on board, and only one officer besides the captain remained. He was Third Mate, Francis Dorian —a name to remember. Dorian stuck with the ship, gave out life preservers and did what he could to calm the bewildered passengers.

There were other acts of heroism, Coit Collins, 16-year-old son of the founder of the line, refused a life preserver until every woman had one. Stewart Holland, a young engineer who was assigned to fire the ship's signal gun at minute intervals, stayed at his post to the end.

A makeshift raft of booms, yards and water casks was hastily put together and people were ferried over to it in the remaining lifeboat. The *Arctic's* decks were now awash. Those left on her seized boxes, crates and doors, with which they made small rafts; or stood silently awaiting the inevitable.

At 4:45 P.M. the *Arctic's* bow rose in the air, and amid the anguished wails of the passengers she plunged heavily downwards, stern first.

Down with her went Captain Luce, his 8-year-old son in his arms. In a moment he came to the surface, his son torn from his grasp. As he swam to the boy, a paddle box keeled over and crashed down on the boy's head, killing him instantly.

Everywhere people were clinging to bits of wreckage or swimming, praying and calling for help.

Captain Luce crawled on to the half submerged paddle box along with ten other men and George F. Allen, a passenger whose wife and baby had gone down with the ship. As it drifted away in the gathering darkness, one by one the men, unable to hold on in the icy water,

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slipped off until only Captain Luce, Allen, and one other man were left. Two days later they were rescued by a Canadian barque.

"Why am I here, why am I here!" Allen was still babbling like a wild man months later in his home in New York. "Why was I saved when all the rest were lost!"

The barque that picked up Captain Luce and Allen had on board the durable Francois Gajoick, who had been taken off a bit of wreckage to survive his third disaster.

On the main raft or clinging to it when the *Arctic* went down were some 72 men and four women. Nearly all were submerged to their armpits, and so crowded was the raft that many had to hold on by one hand.

One by one they began to drop off. The women were the first to go, none surviving more than three or four hours.

Then the men went, singly at first, and later, as mounting waves swept over them, in groups of five and six. At the end of 26 hours only one person was on the raft, a waiter named Peter McCabe who was rescued by the Canadian ship *Huron*.

Ironically, the *Vesta* made port safely under her own power; the lifeboat that had set out to her aid from the *Arctic* was never again seen.

Of the nearly 400 souls on board the *Arctic* when she left Liverpool, only 86 or 87 survived, most of whom were members of the crew. Not a woman or child was saved.

Among those lost were the wife and two children of Edward K. Collins, founder of the line, and six children and grandchildren of the line's president, James Brown. Five lifeboats got to Newfoundland where many of the crew remained for life rather than face their countrymen. Ten people survived by floating on pieces of wreckage.

The disgraceful behavior of the crew shocked the nation and caused the Collins Line to lose much prestige. A little over a year later it suffered another blow when the *Pacific*, sailing from Liverpool with 288 on board, vanished mysteriously.

The end of the Collins Line in 1858 marked the end of American maritime supremacy. Not until 1952 was it regained, when the *United States* once more brought home the Blue Ribbon Atlantic speed record, a prize that had not been held by an American ship since the Collins liner *Baltic* sped to a record just a century before.

## A "Two Touchy" Problem

(Answer to Noodle Annoyer on page 56)

REMOVE THE FIRST "TAIL" in the top row, slide it below its own column and push the column upwards until they are all in line again. Do the same with the other "tail" in the top row, and the required formation will be complete.

# LOSE 5 POUNDS IN 2 DAYS WITH THE AMAZING Blitz Diet

*by* Ruth West

People nowadays often need short-haul help to keep weight down. I go to visit friends for a long week end. The food is wonderful. I eat, drink and make merry on a larger scale than at home. Because the food is festive and fattening, I come home weighing from two to five pounds more than when I went away.

Maybe it takes you more than a few days to gain that much. But gaining happens to everyone—during holidays, on vacation, during a time of depression or anxiety when one tends to eat more and oftener.

It's a wonderful feeling to be able to shed those few pounds in two days. And you can, if you will take the trouble.

If you happen to be fond of cottage cheese, you're in luck. No other ready-prepared dish you eat contains so many balanced nutrients, and so much protein for so few calories. Remember, cottage cheese is milk, "the perfect food," in solid form, with most of the fat removed.

Thanks to its unique magic, in two days you can take off not less than two pounds—and as much as five pounds. Yes, in *two* days.

### THE BLITZ DIET

*Eight ounces of fresh creamed cottage cheese; two or three Elberta peach halves and juice. Also, if you like, two pieces of Norwegian flat bread (Kavli or Ideal) spread with butter, cinnamon and sugar, toasted under a broiler. Coffee or tea.*

*Breakfast, lunch and dinner are the same. And that's* it.

Instead of the peaches (Diet-Sweet puts them up, Sucaryl-sweetened) have a sliced orange or fresh

From *Stop Dieting! Start Losing!* by Ruth West. Copyright, 1955, by Ruth West. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

berries, a whole cup of them, or all the cantaloupe you can eat; or Tasti-Diets' prune-plums, or apricots, or a few stewed prunes in Sucaryl-sweetened syrup, or any fresh fruit.

When you don't have an orange during the day, don't forget to take vitamin C, preferably dissolved in a little boiling water to make sure you absorb it all. This is the only vitamin your body cannot store. Most people today have found it a good idea to take vitamin supplements whether or not they're dieting.

Why the fruit? Each of those eight-ounce cartons of creamed cottage cheese contains 48 grams of the fanciest grade protein. Even those big thin rectangles of cinnamon "toast" contain a gram or two.

You won't get additional protein in the fruit. It does give you some extra vitamins, some nice fibrous bulk, and some natural fruit sugar for quick energy. But actually the big reason for the fruit is that it tastes so wonderful with the cottage cheese, which needs the sharp, fresh sweetness of fruit and fruit juice to set off its creamy blandness.

Sweeten your sliced orange, berries, or cantaloupe with as much Sweeta or Sucaryl as you like. The main thing is that it should all taste so wonderful to you that you'd rather be eating it than anything else anyhow.

This ridiculously simple two-day diet accomplishes such remarkable results because you take in over 144 grams of the highest quality protein each day. And less than 1,200 calories.

Because of the 70 or 80 grams of excess protein you take in, the 1,200 calories behave like a lot less in your body. That's one reason why you lose so fantastically fast. Another reason is the flushing effect of this stepped-up protein intake on water-logged tissues. Still another is your speeded-up metabolic rate.

This little diet treat involves absolutely no work. There's nothing to remember or keep track of. You eat the same thing three times a day, both days. Monotonous? Sure, if you were to keep it up.

But because it's so congenial, so pretty, so satisfying, so good, I don't think you'll find it tiresome. On the contrary, it's habit-forming. Many people tend to keep right on eating this, one or two meals a day, several days a week.

Note the concentrated dose you get of milk's 60-odd nutrients, including vitamin A and riboflavin. But I don't suggest this diet as a way of life.

When you've done it one day, and weighed yourself the next morning, the results are so gratifying that your enthusiasm knows no bounds. It's not unusual to drop three or four pounds the first day; not so much, usually, the second. But that second day nails the first day's weight loss down; and frequently you'll do big losing the second day instead.

You can divide each of these meals in half and have six meals instead of three. Or divide them any way you like as long as you eat it all. Be sure to get one third of the day's total down early in the day.

If you're one of those people who

can't eat when you first get up, have coffee and your cinnamon "toast." But just as soon as you can take it, have your big protein breakfast. This is vital to a feeling of well-fed well-being that lasts all day.

You have to try it one day to realize how amazingly un-hungry you are on this simple, but sizeable, intake. It's not so strange considering the fact that you're taking in as much solid nourishment as if you had, instead, such high-protein foods as for—

Breakfast: 4 eggs, 8 rashers of bacon, 3 slices of toast.
Lunch: 3 lamb chops, a glass of milk, roll and butter.
Dinner: a far bigger sirloin steak than you'd get in almost any restaurant.

IT'S NOT HOW MANY CALORIES that determines how well-fed we are; it's what's in those calories. It's an old confusion, that "fat" equals nourishment. As a matter of fact, fat contains no protein, no vitamins (except for some vitamin A in butter and fortified margarine), no minerals. Only in nuts, avocados, and unhydrogenated salad oils do certain necessary fatty acids abound. Almost all the fat you eat furnishes you *only* calories which you do not need.

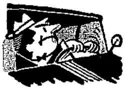
Like all reducing diets, this has the disadvantage of isolating you from the human herd, especially at dinnertime. Only because this little diet treat does so much so quickly is it worth while.

Breakfast, taken at home usually, is easy, of course. If you can take lunch to the office, a wide-mouthed vacuum jar will keep it cool. And you have a little box with your toast in it. I do up both days' supply of toast all at once; it keeps indefinitely.

If you lunch at a restaurant, you have to do without the toast, and you explain to the waiter that you're on a special diet. That's to be sure you get a full cup of cottage cheese. Fresh fruit is usually to be had; and you'll have brought your Sucaryl or Sweeta with you.

At dinnertime, for these two days, you're different from your fellows, and that's that. So for two days, one can sometimes be odd—if the pay-off is big enough, quick enough, and *real* enough.

## Various Views



A WOMAN inquired of the ticket agent the price of a bedroom on the North Coast Limited. When told, she thought a moment, then asked: "How much cheaper will it be if I make it up myself?"
—*National Travel Clinic*

A PARKING SPACE is that area across the street that disappears while you are turning around.
—MARION SACHEN in *Zest*

A SMALL TOWN is one where everybody is interested in what the Joneses will name the latest baby, while a big city is where they worry about what the zoo will call the new elephant.
—Detroit *News*

# The Fabulous

### by MAXWELL HAMILTON

A MINOR U.N. official, just arrived in New York for his first visit, was recently taken on a tour of such wonders as the Empire State Building, Yankee Stadium and Coney Island. He viewed each new marvel with polite enthusiasm.

"You haven't even mentioned what I consider the most impressive thing I've come across since arriving here," he finally blurted out. "I mean *that!*"

The visitor pointed to a paper towel; and went on to explain that they were rarely seen in his homeland, while here they were used for literally anything and everything.

Today, paper towels are so common in America that most adults aren't aware they are a comparatively new invention. Yet their consumption in the U.S. this year will amount to well over four pounds per capita, and a roll of 150 towels costs less than it once did to launder one cloth towel.

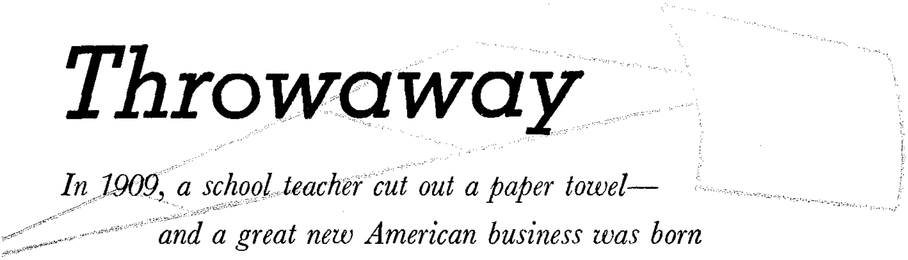
In 1925, only 28,741 tons of paper toweling were produced all over America. By last year, this figure had multiplied 11 times. From one company experimenting with paper towels in 1907, the number has grown until there now are 35 turning out paper toweling in various types and qualities.

The bulk of their product goes to the housewife, who will use one in her kitchen at the drop of a crumb. A survey taken some time ago showed that the largest per cent of all paper towels in household use go for drying face and hands. Then comes cleaning pots and pans, draining fried foods, wiping up spilled liquids, cleaning stoves and sinks.

But the paper towel has been moving out of the kitchen in recent years, and is being used more and more in cellars, workshops, bathrooms, garages and other places around the house. Today different types of toweling are also being turned out for assorted industrial needs. There is even a special product of heavier grade in use by the Navy as an oil-wipe in engine rooms.

The most accepted story of their origin has paper towels produced for the first time by Arthur Scott, an early leader of the Scott Paper Company, who got the idea after hearing of an incident that occurred in a school classroom back in 1907.

According to the story, a Philadelphia school teacher had de-



# Throwaway

*In 1909, a school teacher cut out a paper towel—*
*and a great new American business was born*

cided that the prevalence of colds among her students was due to the fact that all of them used the same cloth towel.

In answer to the problem, the teacher cut heavy copy paper into convenient squares and passed them out to her pupils. Scott, being in the paper business, grabbed the idea and began at once to experiment with the manufacture of paper towels in his plant.

Gradually the business grew until later, as the Scott Paper Company, it became the largest producer of paper towels in the country.

Another big push in paper towel consumption came in 1913, when the paper towel dispenser was invented under the guidance of the Zellerbach Corporation of San Francisco, who then did extensive promotion with it. Later, the company (now known as Crown Zellerbach) bought out a small manufacturer and began producing paper towels in a big way. Even so, it took them 14 years of spending approximately $11,000,000 to make America paper-towel conscious.

By this time, other companies such as the Hudson Pulp and Paper Corp., and the Northern Paper Mills (now a division of Marathon Corporation) had joined the growing industry and begun to put other paper towel products on the market.

Today there are various types and qualities of paper towels, but you can check your own brand quite easily: a good grade of paper towel, the experts insist, is one which has strength in all directions, a quality obtained by the uniform distribution of the small pulp particles when the paper still is in its liquid stage.

Paper for toweling must have two qualities—absorbency and wet strength. It must also be strong when not wet, and soft. Yet these last two characteristics tend to fight each other, and obtaining exactly the right proportion of each keeps paper manufacturers in a constant lather of research, developing new machinery and exploring for precisely the proper type of wood pulp out of which to make toweling.

Today, a constant check is maintained on the paper industry to be sure each towel roll has minimum standards of quality, that its use will not be injurious to the consumer, and that each roll has at least the number of single sheets advertised on the wrapper.

# "Our Two

THIS UNUSUAL STORY OF ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE CAME TO CORONET FROM A READER WHOSE IDENTITY, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, CANNOT BE REVEALED. WITHOUT TAKING A POSITION ON THE MORAL AND ETHICAL ISSUES INVOLVED, CORONET PRESENTS IT AS A SINCERE AND MOVING HUMAN DOCUMENT. —THE EDITORS

I AM IN MY OBSTETRICIAN'S examination room, lying on the table. Every little mark in the white ceiling above is known intimately to me, because I've been here many times before. The fluorescent light is flickering and I idly wonder when it will be repaired. It flickered two days ago when I was here, and on the two days of last month also.

This is more than a prenatal visit: it is rather a *pre*-prenatal visit. As I lie here trying to relax during my half hour of prescribed inactivity I am in a dramatic situation. For I am concerned with the most elemental thing in life—the beginning of life itself, in the form of artificial insemination.

And from my reading and what I have learned from my doctor, more and more women are spending these two or three half hours a month as I do.

Much that is being written today about artificial insemination is concerned with the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the babies so conceived, with the moral and ethical points involved, and with the legality of the act itself.

Let me present the emotional side, as it has to do with my husband and me and therefore, in effect, with the countless other couples who have shared or will share our experience. I cannot speak for the others, of course, as we parents and the doctors hold these matters in the strictest confidence; still they must more or less follow the same pattern.

About five years ago we found that my husband, we will call him

*"These are the children we cherish . . . our children in the truest sense of that word. They are our privilege, our trust—the children we might not have had."*

# *Test Tube Babies"*

Bob, was sterile. Although he was able to consummate his marriage, he would never be able to father a child. Medicine could offer no help, or even hope.

We had waited till Bob finished school and found a job before I tried to become pregnant. And now, after two years of hoping, this was not to be the beginning for us, but the end. It was the most awful of pronouncements to us; and though time and circumstances have eased the pain, it is still an unalterable fact in our lives.

The year that followed was pure agony for us both: for Bob because he felt that he had failed me and our marriage, and for me because the very basic reason for my biological being was to be left unfulfilled.

I had stumbled on an article about artificial insemination by donor while we were going through Bob's period of testing. We asked Bob's doctor about it and he told us that he had helped a number of couples in that way. All were very happy with the result, but he advised us to think about it and discuss it long and carefully before we came to any decision.

As far as my own feelings were concerned, artificial insemination was the only way open to us. I could bear a child, and because of that fact I felt I would never be able to accept an adopted baby as my own. True, it would have to be another's seed and not my husband's, but at least the baby would be part of one of us if not both.

The baby would be more of us that way than through adoption, I told Bob. It would be more precious to both of us for having watched it grow those nine months than if we had a "ready-made" baby laid in our arms, no matter how lovable.

Bob, thank heavens, is honest. He agreed to all my arguments, but still he held back. The idea of artificial insemination brought up the problem of his feeling of being an incomplete man. In his mind was the fear that a baby by this method would always be a living reminder of his inadequacy.

Though he sincerely felt that I should have the privilege of bearing a child, this solution was distasteful to him. Eventually, he offered me a divorce. But my whole life and love was Bob, and so we ran around in circles. Always our discussions ended in complete agreement that artificial insemination was the only answer, but Bob could not say, "All right, let's go ahead."

It was a difficult situation. All our married friends were either having babies or had just had them. I couldn't bear to visit them any more. Wanting something so desperately, having it within reach and yet so unattainable, made me want it all the more. Bob saw this and felt it too, which didn't help any.

Finally I realized that Bob needed time—time in which to resolve this thing for himself, without my eager arguments and pressure. And so I kept silent through those weeks and months.

Then one night Bob told me he had thought it through and with all his heart he could say that he wanted us to have a baby by artificial insemination.

I knew the soul-searching he must have gone through. I also knew that Bob truly meant this, that there would be no regrets from his decision.

We told the doctor our decision and he explained the procedure. He would find a donor from the medical school and would investigate his family background and mental and physical health thoroughly. The donor would have Bob's physical attributes as nearly as possible. The doctor would keep no records for our sakes as well as the baby's. We would know nothing of the donor.

The fee was $20 to the donor; and $10 to the doctor for contacting the donor, studying him, delivering the semen and administering it.

I must keep a temperature chart to determine my time of ovulation so he could decide on the most opportune moment to try for a pregnancy. I would have to come to his office at least twice a month, maybe three times.

With these impersonal instructions we were launched on our first child.

How can I describe the hoping and the suspense from then on? The doctor had warned us not to expect a pregnancy right away. In many cases it took as long as six or eight months of trying for a woman to conceive, and then sometimes it did not happen at all. In my subconscious I was afraid I'd be one of the "not-at-all" type.

But we were among the fortunates. I became pregnant during the second month.

For the full nine months, Bob and I were in the clouds. Then one beautiful night, after a mad dash to the hospital in the best tradition, our son was born.

Nineteen months later, we had a little girl. And now I am in the process of renewing my acquaintance with the doctor's white ceiling for the third time.

The children are *our* children in the truest sense of that word. Everyone says our boy looks just like Bob, and the little girl like me. Which is how it should be.

We've talked about it often since, and Bob tells me that he forgot all about the donor when he saw his son. He says it was our baby from that night he held him in his arms for the first time. And certainly our children have given a meaning and joy to our lives that we would never have had without them.

We know, of course, what some religious leaders have said about the moral questions involved. We are aware, too, of warnings by some psychiatrists as to the problems test-tube babies bring their families. And we have read, with indignation, of decisions made by judges who obviously have forgotten, or never even knew, the wonder of a small child's smile.

What of all this?

Have I committed adultery? Adultery connotes a certain pleasure. What could be further from pleasure than lying on a hard (the doctor calls it "firm") table two or three times a month, at $30 a session, contemplating that white ceiling? If that's adultery then I'm guilty and I'll continue to be till we've had our quota of babies.

Are we morally delinquent? Is it immoral to give two children bread, love and dreams in a home filled with mutual parental affection and respect? I can hardly believe so.

Legally have we done wrong? The courts have decided both ways on cases of artificial insemination babies.

In our case, we will always keep our children's history a secret. For society is not ready yet, and may never be, to accept these children as our children. Society will only accept them as a curiosity, with a stigma attached.

What does it matter to me that Bob is not the physical father, or what does it matter to our children? He has been their real father, in the very truest sense, emotionally and spiritually—and, yes, physically too, in a way, by his very nearness, love and understanding of them.

So these are the children we cherish, the children we wanted so desperately that all obstacles were overcome. They are our children because of scientific research, understanding doctors and our own transcending of the impossible. They are our privilege, our trust—the children we might not have had.

## A Word on Living

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was once being criticized for his attitude towards his enemies. "Why do you try to make friends of them?" a colleague asked. "You should try to destroy them."

"Am I not destroying my enemies," the President asked gently, "when I make them my friends?" —LYN SOWLIS

IN A LITTLE TOWN in the French Pyrenees is a shrine celebrated for miracles of healing. One day shortly after World War II an amputee veteran appeared there. As he hobbled up to the shrine, someone remarked: "That silly man! Does he think God will give him back his leg?"

The veteran, overhearing, turned and replied: "Of course I do not expect God to give me back my leg. I am going to pray to God to help me live without it." —*Forward*

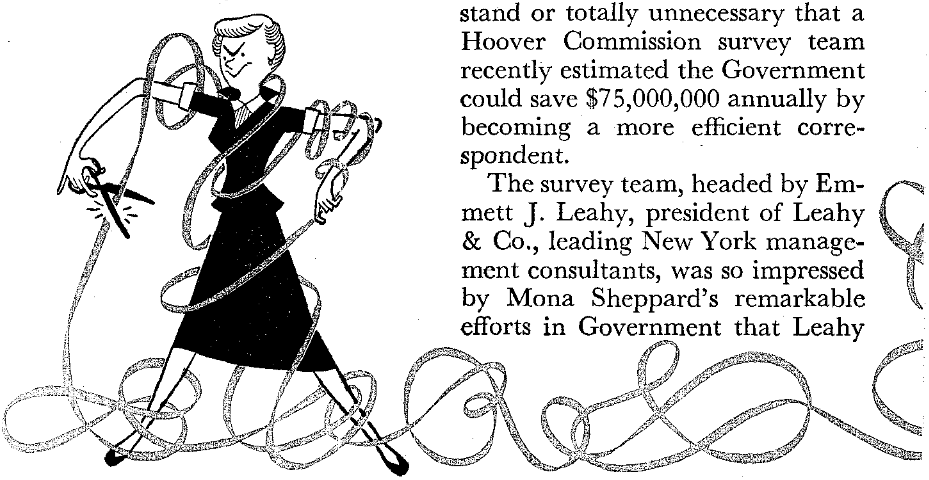
# SHE HATES GOBBLEDYGOOK

by PETER WYDEN

*If the next Government letter you get is brief and understandable—give thanks to Mona Sheppard*

THE CHANCES ARE you'll soon get one of Mona Sheppard's letters. It could come from almost any large Government department. The letter won't carry her name, but it will bear two of her trademarks: it won't be as stuffy as many Government communications and, as a taxpayer, you will pay less for its production.

A persuasive, fast-moving Government career woman, until recently Mona Sheppard was the boss of all letter-writing for the world's most prolific correspondent: Uncle Sam. For 20 years she waged an uphill crusade for fewer, shorter, simpler Federal letters.



Sooner or later, almost everybody writes the Government—for information, help, or to offer an opinion. And since almost everybody expects an answer, official letter writers grind out communications at the rate of 139 per second during every workday for an annual total of more than a billion. Many of them are so longwinded, hard to understand or totally unnecessary that a Hoover Commission survey team recently estimated the Government could save $75,000,000 annually by becoming a more efficient correspondent.

The survey team, headed by Emmett J. Leahy, president of Leahy & Co., leading New York management consultants, was so impressed by Mona Sheppard's remarkable efforts in Government that Leahy hired her as a vice-president. Although much of her time is now devoted to streamlining letter writing for business and industry, she still does work for the Government under contract.

Two years ago, when Miss Sheppard was summoned to the Baltimore office of the Internal Revenue Service, there was a backlog of 50,000 unanswered letters. It cost 81 cents to answer each one of them.

When she was through, the backlog had melted down to 3,000, cost of writing a letter averaged 38 cents, and daily production per typist had climbed from 55 to 120 letters. Savings in Baltimore: $157,200 and 500,000 carbon copies yearly.

Savings expected when the same system is installed in tax offices throughout the country: $5,500,000, some 30,000,000 carbons, and the wear and tear on taxpayers who no longer need to wade through letters beginning:

"Reference is made to your income tax return, Form 1040 or 1040A, for the year 1952. The return was received in this office without the required Form(s) W-2 attached to substantiate your claim as to the amount(s) withheld by your employer(s) from your wages."

Mona changed this to read: "Your withholding statements, Form W-2, from the employers named below are missing from your Federal income tax return."

When Mona Sheppard wrote her 112-page manual for Veterans Administration correspondence she ordered that a scientific term for an affliction like *pes planus* be followed by its better-known label, flat feet. But she came too late to intercept this classic of gobbledygook (also known as federalese):

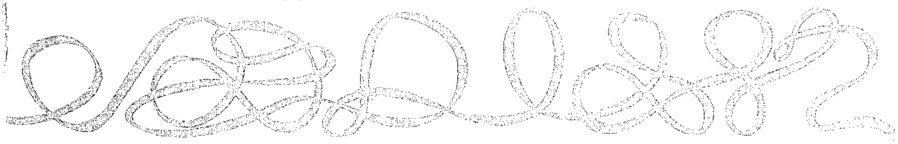
"The non-compensable evaluation heretofore assigned you for your service-connected disability is confirmed and continued."

The veteran who received this gem wrote his Congressman: "What the hell does this mean?" It developed that since the GI's condition had not changed, he was not entitled to compensation for his disability.

Miss Sheppard wanted to be a woman of letters even as a child on her father's Central Mills, Alabama, cotton plantation. She majored in creative writing at the University of Alabama and then made the rounds of New York literary agents with her short stories and poems. She sold some jingles for greeting cards and wound up as a correspondence clerk for the Treasury Department in Washington.

There, her letters cost her a promotion and nearly got her fired. The trouble was that they came to the point too fast; they failed to quote laws verbatim and at length; they addressed taxpayers directly, not as "claimants," "applicants" or "suppliers."

However, she continued to fight



for simple, concise letters, and rose steadily in the world of Government letters until she was appointed Organization and Methods Examiner for the National Archives. As Government's top expert in correspondence management, she went from one Government agency to another to sell bureaucrats on her correspondence system.

The system was born in the '30s when Mona was still a letter writer herself. "I've known very few people who really write a good letter," she recalls. "So I thought: why don't we ready-make them?" World War II gave her the chance, as she was by then in charge of correspondence for the War Manpower Commission and manpower, including letter writers, was scarce.

Taxpayers disliked form letters, or so Government tradition ran. Miss Sheppard refused to believe it.

"Don't be peeved by a form letter," she told taxpayers. "Chances are the Government saved 50 cents or more by not typing it."

Her successes got around in letter-writing circles and after the war she was drafted by the Veterans Administration whose correspondence had ballooned from 38,000,000 to 63,000,000 letters yearly. Stacked to the ceilings were unanswered inquiries from 200,000 ex-soldiers wondering how to keep their GI life insurance going. Some 8,000 new letters poured in daily.

Mona immediately got out a notice to each veteran urging him to pay his premiums while the VA dug itself out. She then composed dozens of form letters, including her all-time best-seller which told a veteran how to convert a term insurance policy into another type.

Since her arrival, the agency saved $10,860,000 on its letters and today its respect for mail is a monument to her toil.

Miss Sheppard deplores the fact that in Government letters officials still rarely meet; they "hold a meeting." They don't have trouble; they "encounter difficulties." They don't give anything; they "furnish" it. And almost nothing ever ends; it "comes to an expiration."

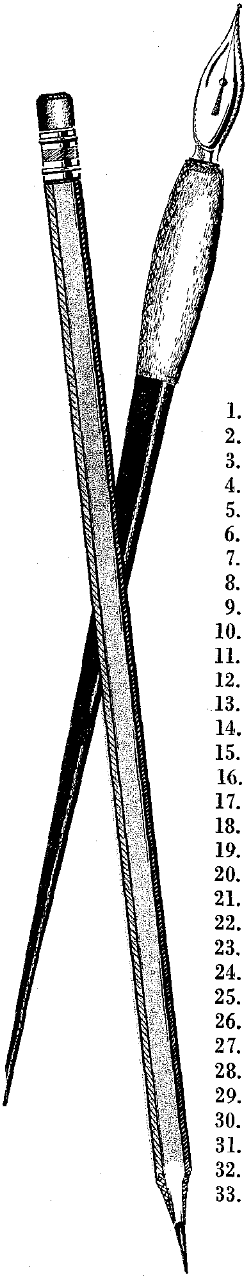
Mona had no police powers to stamp out such verbiage. As an expert dispatched by the National Archives, where she worked since 1950, she could only persuade agencies to accept her ideas. The agencies themselves had to install them.

Wayne S. Grover, Archivist of the United States and Mona's former boss, says, "You'll never reform Government correspondence 100 per cent, but it's so essential for economy and public relations to get out immediate letters in plain English that the Government people will buy it. I hope." And when they do, you can thank Mona Sheppard.

## Questionable Qualification

A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY has been opened in Germany for German girls who want to marry Americans. In the application form there is this request: "Please indicate name of American movie star your husband should resemble." —*Quote*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ



# Track 'em Down

At first glance, the pairs below are not related. But a little sleuthing will reveal shorter words *within* the pairs which are akin in definition. Jan Murray, host of "Dollar A Second" (Friday, 9 p. m., ABC-TV), our guest quizmaster, offers this clue: in the words *transition* and *supposedly* you should detect the culprits *sit* and *pose*. (Answers on page 76.)

1. earthquake, skillet
2. indigestion, mineral
3. pageant, reiterate
4. multiply, cleanliness
5. druggist, animation
6. occupation, smuggling
7. planetarium, sympathetic
8. concentrate, coincide
9. crystalline, barrow
10. inapt, dozens
11. corespondent, sweetheart
12. grindstone, punitive
13. asparagus, boastful
14. smolder, conformity
15. disobedient, cryptogram
16. obsolescent, colonel
17. pretending, career
18. history, talent
19. parenthetical, athletically
20. primary, sledge
21. ultimately, repairing
22. indeterminate, ornamental
23. incapable, chatterbox
24. rutabaga, saccharine
25. phenomenon, assignation
26. staggering, chartered
27. amphitheater, therapy
28. chinchilla, butternut
29. prosecute, understood
30. callisthenics, corollary
31. bedraggled, scrapple
32. cowlick, collapse
33. computable, commonplace
34. illegitimate, climbable
35. decedent, immigrant
36. fiendish, stipulate
37. gallantry, contestant
38. incompatible, tapestry
39. bowleg, outlandish
40. toreador, corporeal
41. chagrin, switchboard
42. burnish, vaseline
43. archipelago, pumpernickel
44. psychopathic, chewing
45. matrimony, beneath
46. shrubbery, ungrateful
47. millinery, worshiper
48. omnipotent, arbiter
49. entourage, tarantula
50. propitiate, wholesome
51. obedience, cotillion
52. township, ampullar
53. prosecutor, perseverance
54. protoplasm, collide
55. protuberance, excavate
56. membership, coalescent
57. mustache, paintbrush
58. sapphire, transparent
59. implied, fibrous
60. impression, demonstrate
61. cassowary, supplanted
62. production, distaff
63. flamboyant, maladjusted
64. hearthstone, blandishment
65. guttersnipe, essayist
66. impatience, bindery

# IS YOUR DOG A DELINQUENT?

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

*Few dog owners like to admit it, but their unleashed pets can be dangerous*

EARLY IN 1954, panic roamed the streets of Chicago and determined men with guns scoured public parks and dark alleys. For rabies, the dread killer of man and beast, was off the leash and running wild.

It probably all started with one loose dog infecting another, then another, with the dreadful chain finally reaching a child who died. The police department then ordered all dogs found unleashed to be shot.

Humor moved in beside tragedy that same year when the wife of a popular Hollywood actor was called to court in that city and asked why she permitted her dog to run the streets.

"He's a Weimaraner and just so smart he unlocks the gate all by himself," explained Mrs. Mitchum.

"If that's the case," said the judge, "let's see him get up the $25 fine."

With 17,000,000 Americans owning 22,500,000 dogs, many cities are finding it necessary to heavily fine dog owners who carelessly permit their pets to roam the streets, bringing danger to themselves and others.

Mr. Harry Miller, famous dog expert, said recently: "Unless he has had obedience training, a dog off the leash or out of his kennel can be a dog out of control. It's shocking to realize that so many people buy dogs and then think responsibility ends with dishing out their meals."

In a small New Jersey town a few years ago, a pack of dogs was seen dragging down a deer. Later, the pack, consisting of two German shepherds, three boxers, two collies, five mongrels and two English setters, took to killing cats and prowling the streets. One morning these dogs had a 15-year-old boy on his way to school pinned against a fence when a passing motorist noticed him, stopped, fought off the animals and got the boy in his car.

Police rounded up the dogs, ran a picture of them in the local paper and told the owners to come and get them before they were shot. Each owner was questioned as he selected his dog, and nearly all said that they had merely let their pets out of the house or kennel for morning exercise. In most cases, they thought it was perfectly all right to permit the dog to run the streets.

There's a new law in that Jersey town now. All dogs must be leashed. Those owners caught breaking the law are fined. If the owner cannot be located, the animal is destroyed.

Quite a few cities in California require that dogs appearing on the streets must be on a five-foot leash and accompanied by the owner or a responsible person. Stray dogs are picked up and sent to the pound.

Merced County, California, informed her hunters this year that anyone using gun dogs must have had the animals immunized against rabies within the last six months, but not later than 30 days prior to the hunting period. And the owner must have a valid certificate of rabies immunization in his possession at all times. Heavy fines, even imprisonment, may be levied.

Most of us remember the historic case of the nine pit bull terriers that attacked Mrs. Doretta Zinke and tore her to death near Miami, Florida, in 1945. The dogs' owner, Joseph Munn, claimed that he was taking them to a nearby canal for a swim when they got out of control and ran away.

Arrested for manslaughter, Mr. Munn refused to admit the dogs were vicious. Others, however, including officers and a constable, said they were of a bad strain and should have been destroyed. Out of the investigation also came the fact that Munn often permitted his terriers—potentially dangerous animals—to roam at will.

It was never proved what incited the pit bulls to attack, but it is still pointed to as the classic example of what can happen when dogs run unrestrained.

The Postmaster General regularly receives petitions from mailmen urging that some law be devised to protect them from roving dogs when making their appointed rounds. In the summer of 1955, carriers in a Midwest town refused to walk the streets with their mailbags after three men in blue had been bitten badly in one week.

Last summer, all over New England roving bands of dogs were reported killing sheep wholesale. One farmer near Roxbury, Connecticut, found his entire flock dead, their throats slashed. He had seen them 45 minutes earlier and they were all right.

It became a common sight in the rural countryside to see dog wardens patrolling the roads, armed with shotguns, looking for the canine marauders. In every case, when the dogs were killed or apprehended, it was discovered that they were local dogs, family pets.

Dr. James Andrew Baker, Director of the Cornell Research Laboratory for Diseases of Dogs, believes that the greatest carrier of canine disease is the dog nomad.

"The first thing a dog owner should learn," says Doctor Baker, "is to never let the animal run loose. When you exercise the dog, take him on a leash to some safe place before you release him. Then let him romp for awhile, call him in and snap the leash back on."

Doctor Baker also claims that kenneled dogs exercise as much by jumping up and down as they do by running. He states that people who don't have the time to exercise their dogs and, because of it, let them out of the kennel unleashed, are doing their pets much more harm than they would by simply leaving them kenneled until they can be properly exercised.

In Connecticut, recently, dog owners were warned to keep their pets off the streets for fear of distemper claiming them. It was pointed out that the best protection was to simply keep the dog at home, and that dogs who seemed to have a head cold, a dry cough, listlessness or pronounced lack of appetite, should be taken to a veterinarian for an examination, for these may be the first symptoms of distemper—the greatest killer of dogs. In nearly every case where a dog died of the disease, it was found that he had been permitted to roam at will.

All kinds of little nagging diseases and digestive troubles can be caused by spoiled food your pet picks up while on the loose.

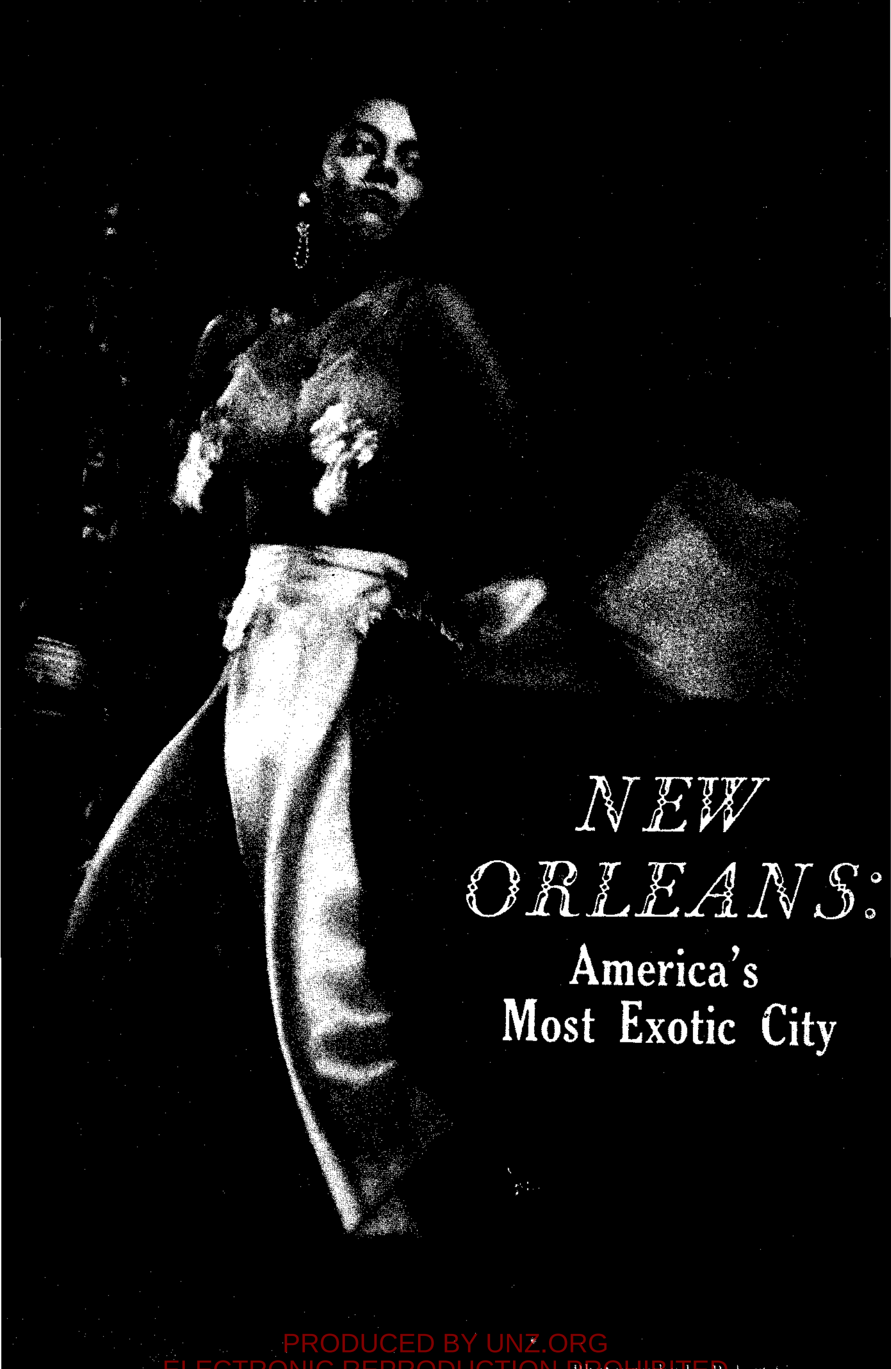
There is every evidence that most of us treat our dogs well. As a nation we spend approximately $250,000,000 a year on dog food; and another $250,000,000 on dog houses, clothing, medicines and gadgets. But the one thing we apparently don't give our dogs enough of is supervision.

If you really want to be your dog's best friend and perhaps save his life in the bargain, keep him home. If you let him walk alone, you may never see him again. But *he* won't be the delinquent. *You* will.

## Track 'em Down

**(Answers to quiz on page 73)**

1. art, skill; 2. dig, mine; 3. age, era; 4. tip, lean; 5. rug, mat; 6. cup, mug; 7. lane, path; 8. cent, coin; 9. line, row; 10. nap, doze; 11. core, heart; 12. one, unit; 13. asp, boa; 14. mold, form; 15. sob, cry; 16. sole, lone; 17. tend, care; 18. story, tale; 19. rent, let; 20, rim, edge; 21. mate, pair; 22. term, name; 23. cap, hat; 24. bag, sac; 25. omen, sign; 26. stag, hart; 27. hit, rap; 28. hill, butte; 29. rose, stood; 30. list, roll; 31. rag, scrap; 32. lick, lap; 33. put, place; 34. leg, limb; 35. cede, grant; 36. end, tip; 37. try, test; 38. pat, tap; 39. bowl, dish; 40. read, pore; 41. hag, witch; 42. urn, vase; 43. chip, nick; 44. chop, hew; 45. trim, neat; 46. rub, grate; 47. liner, ship; 48. nip, bite; 49. rage, rant; 50. pit, hole; 51. bed, cot; 52. tow, pull; 53. cut, sever; 54. top, lid; 55. tub, vat; 56. ember, coal; 57. ache, pain; 58. hire, rent; 59. lie, fib; 60. imp, demon; 61. sow, plant; 62. rod, staff; 63. boy, lad; 64. earth, land; 65. utter, say; 66. tie, bind.



# NEW ORLEANS: America's Most Exotic City

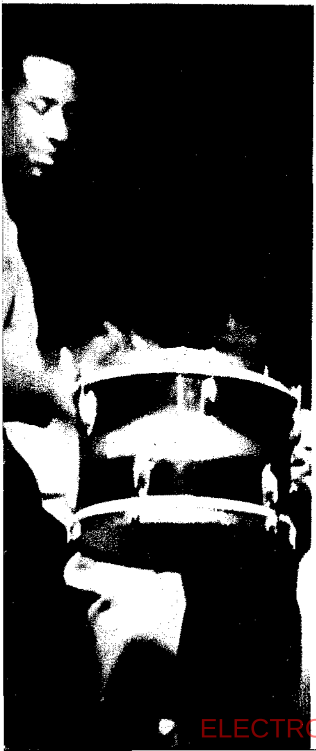
Photography by Robert Simmons

AMERICAN BANK
MOULIN ROUGE

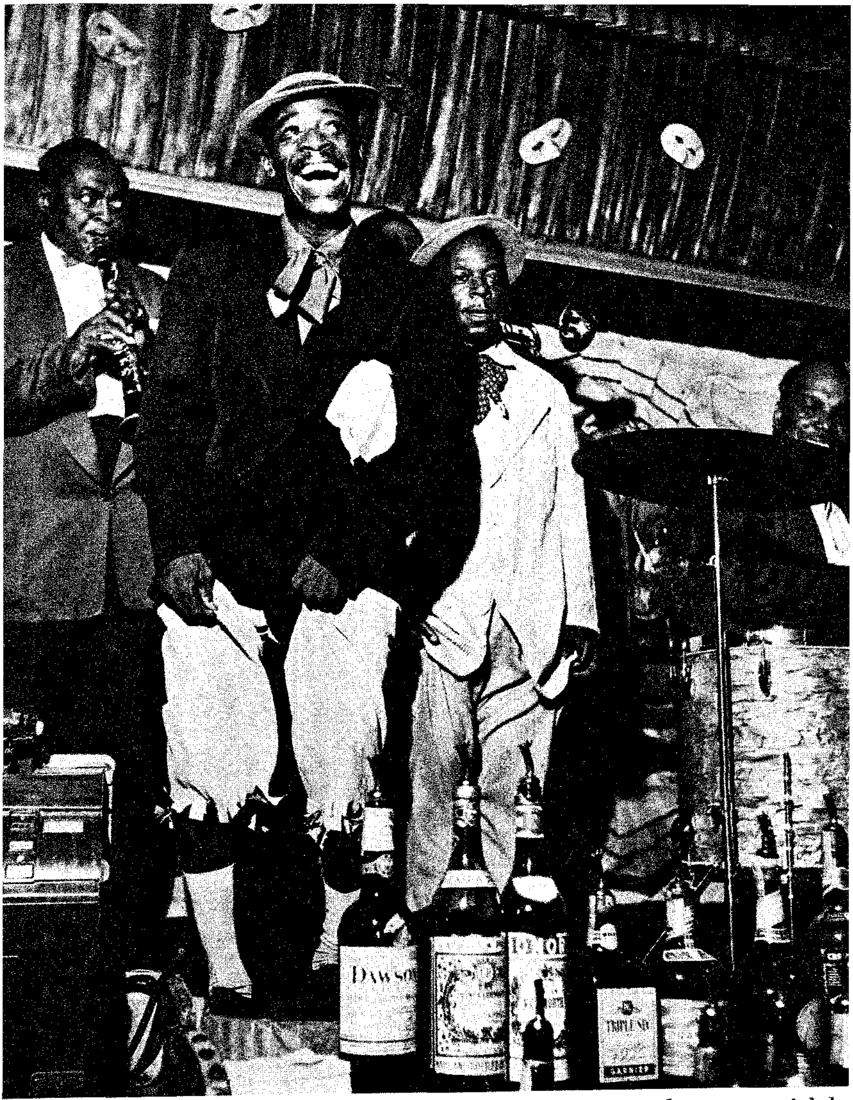
Bourbon Street—nine blocks of closely-crammed nightclubs and bars dedicated to uninhibited fun—sprawls through the heart of the French Quarter.

50
Zombie
95
95

Calling cards, yellow with age, decorate walls of Old Absinthe House, Pirate Jean Lafitte's favorite bar.



Seaport gateway to Latin America, trade center of the South, anything-goes convention town, America's Montmartre-on-the-Mississippi—New Orleans is all of these. Its French Quarter—the original colony, 90 square blocks in the center of the city—is both its historical heart and its honky-tonk haven. Where buccaneers once trod, brassy show-business blares a new Dixieland beat into the sultry night.



Counting on amused customers tossing coins, wandering minstrels turn up nightly to do a shuffle or a risqué song atop a bar-level stage in a Bourbon Street cabaret.

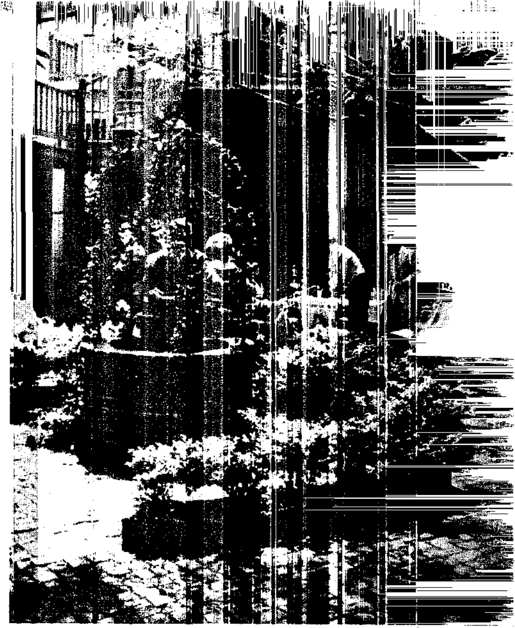
New Orleans collects people. Over the years, Creoles—descendants of the original French and Spanish settlers—were joined by Negroes, Cajuns (Frenchmen who emigrated to the Bayou country when Britain took over Nova Scotia), and Italians. Into this melting pot a new element entered: the sharp peddlers of razzmatazz and the exponents of commercialization, smothering the Quarter's entertainment with a chrome-gilt. Here and there, in the fading elegance of the ironwork-laced houses, a faint glow of antiquity breaks through—but too often the jazz comes as diluted as the whiskey, and the bumps and grinds are tired or automatic. New Orleans has swallowed these show-business hustlers, as it did the riverboat gamblers, pirates and traders who preceded them—with continental forbearance, but not entirely without scars.

**A lonely old woman basks in**
**seeking a smile or word from**

**In a dark corner, counterpoint to the Dixieland tempo: strains of a l**

In the evening, a popular place for dining *al fresco* is the romantic Court of Two Sisters, amid soft music, blinking candles and lush semi-tropical foliage. New Orleans is world-renowned as a gourmet's paradise and no one leaves without at least one meal at its famed quartet of superb restaurants: Antoine's (which dates back to 1840), Arnaud's, Galatoire's and Owen Brennan's Vieux Carré.

Surrounded by water, New Orleans has built its famed recipes around seafood: Oysters Rockefeller, jambalaya (a pungent potpourri of ham, rice, tomatoes, peppers, chicken or oysters and shrimp), gumbo, pompano en papillote (steamed inside a paper bag). Creole dishes borrow delicacy of taste from the French, spices from the Spanish, roots and herbs from the Indians. Chicory coffee here comes "black as night and strong as love."



Patio restaurant features a wishing well.

Café Lafitte in Exile, popular artists' haunt, hangs canvases on walls --and ceiling.

SUGAR
Club
BOW
Sugar B

Sooner or later the Quarter lures every top bumps-and-grinds *artiste*—ranging from young beauties with names like "Venus" *(above)* to veterans like Carrie Finnel *(below)* and Lilly ("The Cat Girl") Christine.

**Emerging from huge oyster shell, "Arlene" goes into her "Birth of a Pearl" number.**

Censors are no problem in New Orleans. Once in a while a small reform movement springs to angry life, and strippers along Bourbon Street add a few more sequins to their lightweight wardrobes for a couple of nights—then back to business as usual. Swarming with servicemen, college students and conventioneers, the Quarter unabashedly gears its entertainment—off-color ditties, burlesque gyrations to sensual rhythms, B girls—accordingly, to a "look-we're-so-naughty" display.

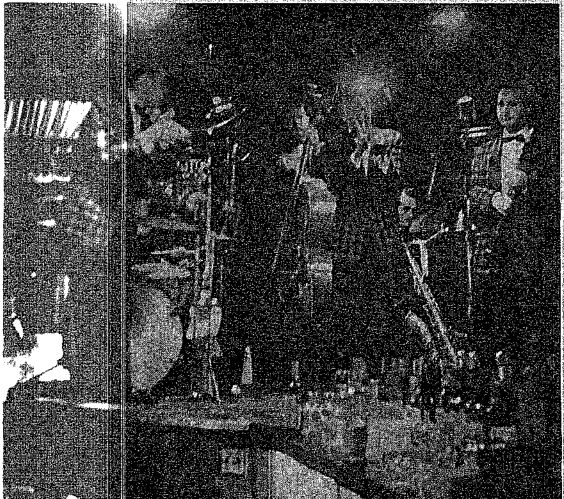
Dixieland jazz—impromptu and rehearsed—soars from Negro and white bands.

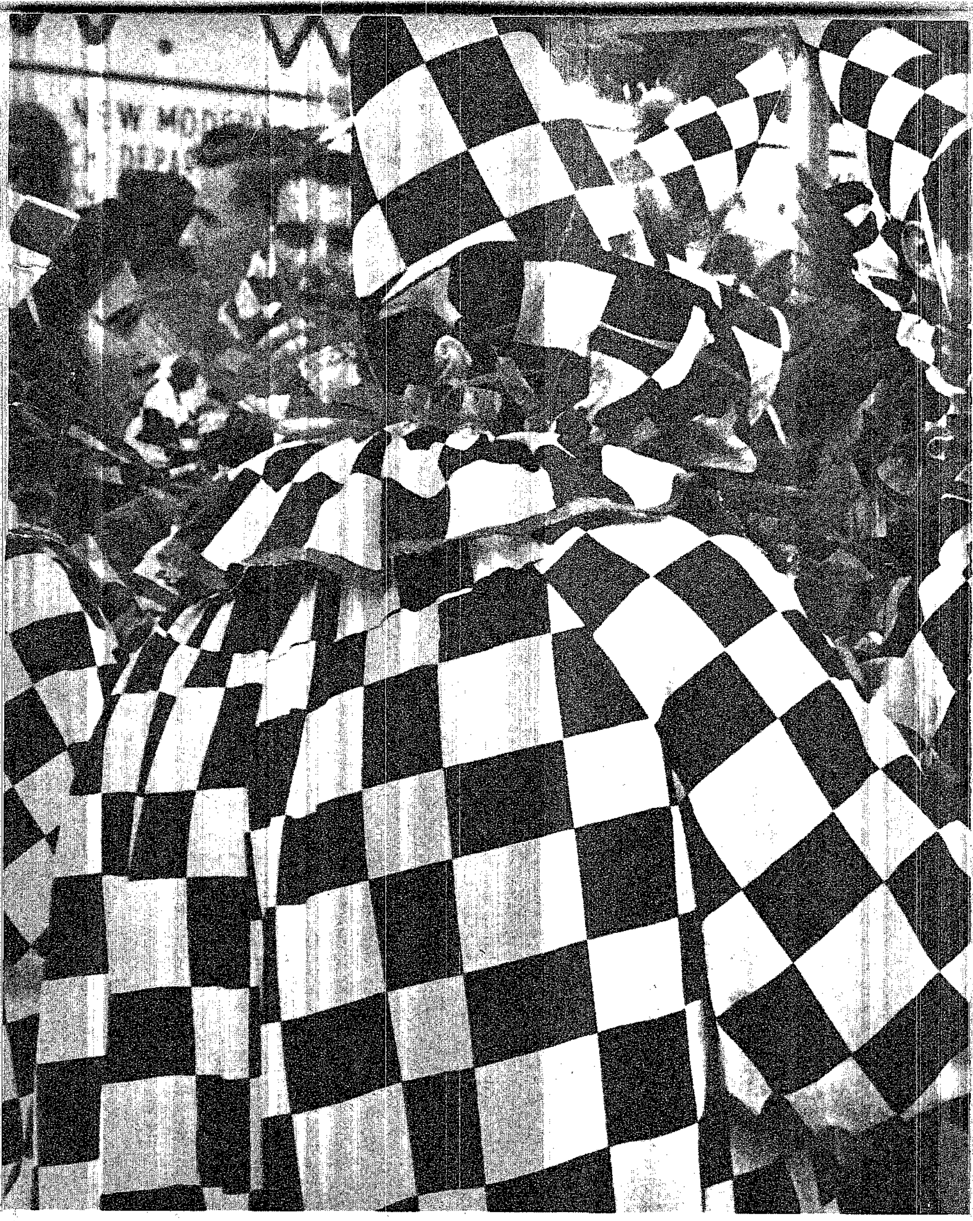
New Orleans Negroes gave the world jazz. But the giants who gave it vitality—Jelly Roll Morton, Bunk Johnson, King Oliver, Papa Celestin, Louis Armstrong—have gone, leaving only a few oldtimers like Alphonse Picou to stamp today's music with authenticity. Otherwise, French Quarter jazz is more apt to be noise than blues, loud rather than inspired.

Jazz began, it seems, at funerals. Bands played "When the Saints Go Marchin' In" to the cemetery, but hit livelier tempos going home: "Didn't He Ramble," "High Society" and "King Porter Stomp." As in gumbo, everything went into its origins: French quadrilles, Italian arias, African voodoo tom-toms.

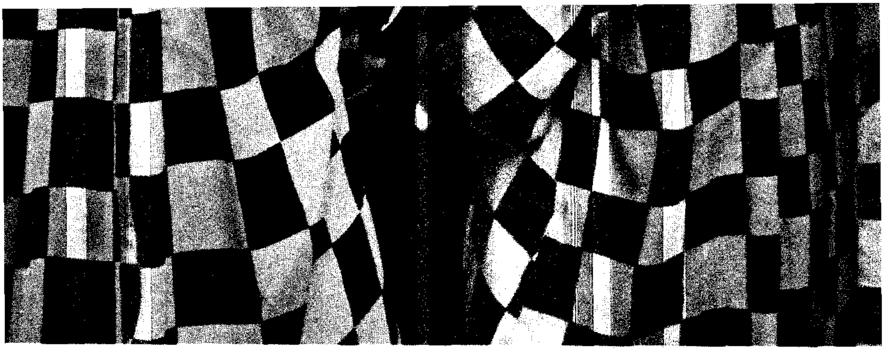
Later, in Storyville, New Orleans' famed red-light district, jazz flourished at its loudest and lustiest, with musicians playing until the last customer went home.

When reformers shut Storyville's doors in 1917, musicians worked the riverboats, spreading jazz to Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis—and, later, the rest of the world.





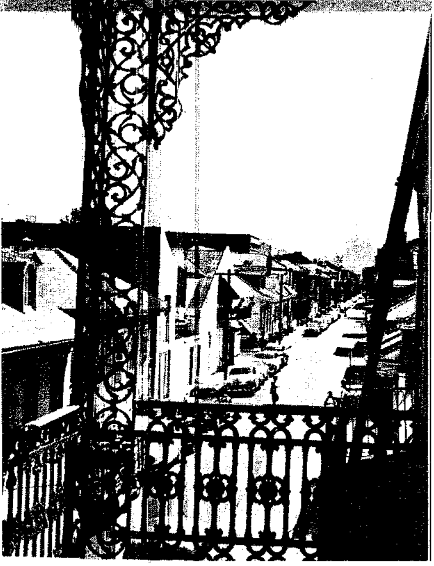
Until he saw New Orleans at Mardi Gras, an Englishman visiting the U.S. had decided its national motto should be "All Work and No Play." The sight of "a whole population giving up their minds . . . to amusement" prompted him to change his verdict. Dating back to 1827, Mardi Gras is the last big fling before Lent.



The Twelfth Night Ball on January 6 starts the merriment rolling; it builds to a riproaring climax on Fat Tuesday. Pageants, masquerades and delirious throngs paint the city with an irresistibly gay mood. All work halts that day. And on Ash Wednesday, the story goes, New Orleans starts resting for next Mardi Gras.

oms

By day, New Orleans displays quieter moods: Negroes sunning on pavements outside weather-beaten rooming houses, tourists strolling leisurely through antique shops, natives of the Quarter rocking on verandas framed by intricate ironwork or shopping languidly in the old French Market after a "refresher" of coffee and doughnuts. Probably no other city in the U.S. is so picturesque in its paint-peeling decay. New Orleans is a world apart, sun-soaked, continental, and vastly appealing in its drowsy day-time peacefulness.



**Filigreed grillwork: pride of the Quart**

**In the colorful old French Market, tantalizing aromas rise from stalls of fre seafood, green vegetables, citrus fruit, sharp spices and sweet-smelling herb**

The surrey gave way to a streetcar named Desire, which in turn was replaced by a bus; but New Orleans, ever faithful to old, romantic traditions, strives to preserve their spirit. In an annual spring fiesta, couples in 19th-century costume promenade in buggies through the narrow Quarter streets, evoking, in the smoky morning mists, a symbolic picture: the quiet dignity of an old European culture melting reluctantly into the blare-and-glare of a new carnival-like facade—yet still retaining a beguiling, exotic flavor which belongs exclusively to New Orleans.

# WHEN DON'T YOU NEED A PSYCHIATRIST?

*by* John Kord Lagemann

***You may ask yourself whether your emotional life is normal or abnormal—here are indications which spell out the difference***

The present tremendous surge of interest on psychiatry has led millions of Americans to detect in themselves the symptoms of mental ailments they don't have. In the back of their minds lurks the disturbing question: Do I need a psychiatrist?

Luckily there are specific clues which indicate when you do and when you don't.

Mental illness is a disorder of the personality. It is not contagious. No matter what form it takes it always results in self-defeating or self-destructive behavior.

Here are damaging behavior patterns which unquestionably call for psychiatric treatment: alcoholism, drug addiction, habitual criminality, homosexuality, amnesia (loss of identity), suicidal tendencies, nymphomania or satyriasis (insatiable sex urge), sleep walking, stuttering. Symptoms like these are obvious and therefore easily recognized by everyone.

Symptoms of personality disturbance which closely resemble normal behavior are the ones which cause trouble. But there is a simple rule of thumb which enables you to distinguish the normal from the abnormal. That is *degree.*

The unbalanced personality *feels* just like anybody else—only more so. That is the giveaway. He is too reserved, too aggressive, too cheerful, too depressed. His feelings do not represent the situation as it really is but only as he imagines it to be.

In order to take inventory of your own mental health, here is a checklist of eight common behavior patterns. They represent ways of protecting one's self against real or imagined threats. Up to a certain point, they are perfectly normal and do not call for a psychiatrist. When carried to extremes, however, they become classic symptoms of mental illness.

## DEPRESSION

*Normal:* All of us have our low or blue periods when we're just no good and what's the use anyhow. Even though we resist efforts to cheer us up, what we want is to have people tell us we're not as bad as we fear. Sometimes we look on the dark side just so we'll be pleasantly surprised when the worst doesn't happen.

In any case, our dark moods eventually pass. They don't keep us from trying to make something of our lives.

*Abnormal:* The mental invalid is paralyzed by his depression. He feels so inadequate he won't even try to improve his lot. Everything is his fault. All he wants is to lock the door, pull the covers over his head and stay there in the dark.

## ELATION

*Normal:* In measured amounts this is optimism, good cheer, enthusiasm. Occasionally we all go beyond this and have spells of feeling the world is our oyster and there's nothing we can't do. It isn't true, of course, but that's no reason for seeing a psychiatrist.

*Abnormal:* The mentally disturbed person has to keep his excitement going at a high pitch, to keep from falling into the depths of despair. Because he is threatened by inner fears of inadequacy he overcompensates by convincing himself he is all powerful and exempt from the limitations of ordinary human beings. Though he sometimes achieves spectacular success in business, the inner realities he denies have a way of catching up with him sooner or later.

One such man's schemes got progressively wilder till they culminated in a corporation, the heart of which was to be a gigantic electronic brain which would control the nation's entire production system, and finally the government as well. He eventually lost all contact with reality and was committed to a state mental hospital.

## WITHDRAWAL

*Normal:* Sometimes the best way to handle a tough situation is to "get away from it all" for a little while before making a fresh attack. Privacy is really a strategic retreat for the purpose of reorganizing our forces far from the battle area.

The happiest families respect the right of their members to be left alone when they feel like it. Just because you sulk once in a while doesn't mean you need a psychiatrist.

*Abnormal:* The mentally ill person retreats so far into himself that he can't get back to the threatening world outside. Psychiatrists call him the schizophrenic. What he's really trying to say with his behavior is: "You can't hurt me because I'm not there."

This kind of withdrawal is often seen among hobos who had a promising start in life but couldn't take responsibility. In extremely severe cases, the schizophrenic withdraws even from his own body and may show no reaction even when pins are stuck into his flesh.

## DELUSIONS

*Normal:* One of the most delightful gifts of childhood is the ability to play "let's pretend." In everyday life we all indulge occasionally in wishful thinking. To put your best foot forward you may sometimes pretend to be younger, richer or smarter than you really are. But as long as you can face the facts when you have to, you're okay.

*Abnormal:* But when you can't distinguish what you imagine from what you actually see in the world around you, then you need psychiatric help. This self-deception is a common feature in mental diseases of all kinds and it takes three forms:

Hallucinations: The alcoholic with delirium tremens *sees* snakes and mice crawling out of the walls and *feels* them on his skin. Mental patients with hallucinations see, hear, smell and taste things which aren't there.

Illusions: The victim of illusion may see a real bird—and *believe* it is an angel carrying a message for him alone. Or he may see a stranger passing by and "recognize" him as a member of a secret police force which is spying on him.

Delusions: The victim of delusions *knows* things which are not so. He may have absolutely no doubt that he is the late Dr. Einstein or Louis XIV. He may have designed a perpetual motion machine. Or perhaps he is transmitting secret messages to the President to guide him in running the country.

## PERSECUTION

*Normal:* We've all tried to excuse our own failures by blaming them on parents, wife, husband, the administration, the clerk behind the counter.

When we have hateful thoughts about our loved ones we may assuage our guilt by accusing them of having these very same thoughts about us. That is what happens in fits of jealousy.

Eventually, though, the normal person gets wise to himself and either tries to correct his faults or live with them.

*Abnormal:* Some people feel so guilty about their inner thoughts and impulses that they can never own up to them but must always blame them on a scapegoat—Wall Street, this or that religious group, or the next door neighbor. They think they are being persecuted by these scapegoats.

Psychiatrists call them "paranoiacs" and they are the rank and file of every crack-pot movement which promises to overthrow some ill-defined enemy.

Some paranoid men and women seem to lead normal lives until an everyday event confronts them with a hidden trait they cannot bear to acknowledge in themselves.

## COMPULSIONS AND OBSESSIONS

*Normal:* Besides being a little superstitious, we all have our pet interests and our pet ways of doing things.

Some people carry this a little further and are strangely upset when they can't brush their teeth or follow a certain bath or hair combing ritual. They feel there's a definite time and place for everything and they try to order their lives as well as other people's in order to avoid uncertainty or surprises of any kind. This may make them "set in their ways."

As long as you can drop your set ways to meet an emergency, you don't have to worry about seeing a psychiatrist.

*Abnormal:* But when a person's life seems to depend on following a rigidly prescribed ritual or line of thought, he needs psychiatric help.

Some individuals are unable to resist the compulsion to commit unlawful acts which they know are wrong and will lead to punishment. Thus the kleptomaniac can't resist the impulse to steal and the pyromaniac feels compelled to set fires.

A much commoner form of compulsiveness is cleanliness carried to absurd extremes, such as carrying eating utensils to restaurants to avoid possible contamination by germs, or bathing several times a day.

## PSYCHOSOMATIC AILMENTS

*Normal:* Nervous indigestion and nervous headaches are matters of everyday experience. All of us have used some real or imagined illness to gain sympathy or to avoid giving a speech or tackling a problem.

This kind of malingering is mildly neurotic, but as long as it doesn't interfere with the main business of living—job, marriage, friends—it's no cause for alarm.

*Abnormal:* Laura K. was brought up by a domineering, possessive mother who regarded sex with fear and loathing. After college, when her friends were taking jobs or getting married, Laura developed a mysterious rash which spread over her entire body. Whenever she went out to look for a job or accepted a date with a man, the rash kicked up in time to save her from the independence and the sexual fulfillment she both craved and dreaded.

Laura was finally cured by a psychiatrist who gave her the insight into the real cause of her rash but at the same time prescribed a face-saving diet to which she could attribute the cure.

No matter what form it takes—peptic ulcer, high blood pressure, bronchial asthma, migraine headache—the psychosomatic ailment expresses a hidden anxiety which the patient cannot find the strength to deal with consciously and rationally.

## ANXIETY

*Normal:* Fear is a normal and highly useful reaction to a real danger. Worry is an equally useful reaction to a danger which has not yet materialized—but is a real possibility. It serves the useful purpose of prodding you to do something about the situation. Such worry is healthy and certainly no reason to see a psychiatrist.

*Abnormal:* But when fear and worry are blended in a senseless, nameless and paralyzing terror, panic or dread which nothing can shake, then you need help.

Psychiatrists sometimes illustrate the difference between normal fear and neurotic anxiety with the example of a mother who sees her child off to school on his bicycle. The healthy-minded mother, realistically concerned for her child's safety, makes sure that his bike is in good repair, that the child has learned to ride it properly and that he is alert and self-reliant enough to take care of himself.

The neurotic mother, on the other hand, is haunted by fear all day long, and rendered helpless. She may even imagine that the worst has happened and phone the police for an ambulance.

WHETHER OR NOT you need a psychiatrist depends largely on your honest answer to the question: By and large, do I control my fears or do my fears control me?

It's always easier to define mental illness than mental health. But Dr. Sol Wiener Ginsburg sums up the views of most of his psychiatric colleagues when he gives this picture of the normal person:

"To be normal is to be able to hold a job, have a family, not get into trouble with the law, enjoy the usual opportunities for pleasure and be free of anxiety which prevents your usual round of duties and commitments."

If you recognize yourself in this picture, then the chances are you do not need a psychiatrist.

## Cartoon Quotes

ONE CAVEMAN to another: "Say what you will, we never had this crazy weather until they started using those bows and arrows."

—NORMAN HOIFJELD in *Today's Health*

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER while reading restaurant menu: "Everything that's cheap is either scrambled or ground."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

*White House news photographers are uninhibited, brassy, irreverent*

MOST PEOPLE think of the President of the United States as subject to the orders of no one. Actually this is not so, for almost daily he is dictated to and tyrannized over by a group of largely anonymous men who have also been known to frighten foreign visitors, intimidate provincial politicians, reduce statesmen to a confused gibberish, and publicly shout orders at the President himself. They are the 140-odd news photographers who work the national "beat."

On one occasion, due to a photographer's "take-charge" aggres-

siveness, the American people came very close to electing a president who might have been unconscious on the day of his triumph.

The incident occurred in Boston on election eve in 1952, a few moments after Republican candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower had finished a last-minute national telecast. The photographers had been asked to make a picture showing how late the GOP nominee had worked. To accomplish this, a heavy clock, its hands pointing to midnight, was placed on a music stand just behind General Eisenhower's head.

"That won't do," Associated Press photographer Henry Griffin, a veteran of the Washington photographers traveling with Eisenhower, announced. "The picture will make it look like the clock's coming out of the man's head. You gotta lift the clock higher."

As Griffin himself attempted to make the adjustment, the clock slipped from his hands and fell squarely on the general's head.

"Ike's head fell like he'd been hit with a ball bat," Griffin recalls, "and I says to myself, 'He must be dead,' and I take off. I'm out in the hall, trying to find an exit, when two cops come chasing me. I say to myself, 'Now I know he's dead.'

"But the cops grabbed me and said, 'The general says nobody's going to make that picture until you get your shot.' Man, was I relieved!"

General Eisenhower survived the clock, but it was many months after he entered the White House before he became fully accustomed to the tyranny of the cameramen.

In Washington's somewhat sedate journalism, the news photographers represent what is left of the old concept of newspapermen as an uninhibited and slightly irreverent lot. This they deny, but the reputation persists.

When Australian Prime Minister Robert Menzies visited President Harry S. Truman a few years ago, he was amazed at the brusque clamor of: "Over here!"—"Hey, watch that shoving!"—"Either get your head down or get a haircut!"—"A big smile, willya?"—and the inevitable, "Just one more please."

Menzies blinked and turned to Mr. Truman. "You know, Mr. President," he said, "I have heard much of your democracy, but you don't have a democracy. It's a photocracy."

President Truman laughed and told his visitor that, while the President of the United States was Commander-in-Chief of the most powerful nation on earth, used to issuing orders, he spent a good deal of his time taking them from photographers. It became a favorite Truman remark to White House visitors bewildered by the barrage of flash bulbs as they left his office.

Washington's photographers believe that the public has a right to "see" as well as to "know." And that they have an inalienable right to make sure that the public does see. Their approach to the problem is one of direct action. If muscles are required, you can usually count on their application. For this they have a simple explanation: "You can't develop an alibi in a darkroom. The boss wants pictures."

In spite of a gut-bucket spirit

H.S.T. often turned table on cameramen.

quite ready to rip four-in-hands loose and kick in doors if necessary, the cameramen have enjoyed some powerful champions, among them President Truman.

The affectionate bond between Mr. Truman and the photographers thrived even though his thick spectacles made him an unpromising subject for pictures. Mr. Truman called them by their first names and was openly delighted by their demands for "just one more, please!" —a kind of impersonal battle cry among all still photographers as they change or reverse their plates to get another shot.

The phrase so intrigued Mr. Truman that he called the still men covering the White House the "One More Club." Reciprocating their esteem, the photographers organized themselves into an informal group bearing that name, had membership cards printed, and made Mr. Truman honorary president.

As Mr. Truman prepared to bow out of the Executive Mansion in January, 1953, the club disbanded out of respect; but only after staging a private farewell party for the departing Chief Executive at which he played the piano and sang endless choruses with "his boys." It proved a joyous wake.

They still remember how he would borrow a camera to take *their* pictures; and was so attuned to their operations that often he detected when one of a battery of cameras failed to click and notified the man who didn't get a picture to try again.

When President Eisenhower entered the White House, the atmosphere changed. Although one of the most photographed men of his time before he reached 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Eisenhower had been able, throughout his military career, to control photographers to a great extent. He was a busy man in his early days as President and impatient with what he regarded as their exorbitant demands on his time.

The President has since learned, as one White House aide put it, that "it takes less time if you just obey their orders than if you resist them."

For their part, the photographers discovered that Mr. Eisenhower is a far better camera subject when he is not posed. His mobile, highly expressive face is best "caught" on film when he is performing some function without regard for the photographers, as any of the clips taken from his filmed news conferences will show.

The President also has come to appreciate the photographers' problems and has been known on occasions to line up visitors to his office for a group shot in a manner that pleases the men behind the square black box.

OLD-TIMERS REMEMBER when a man with a camera was considered a second-class citizen who was being done a special favor when allowed near a public figure. Photographers were forbidden to enter the Capitol without written permission of the building superintendent. The order barring them was the same as that barring the entrance of dogs.

They had, in those days, to be tough, aggressive and cunning to get their pictures. Often they failed.

Once, when President Woodrow Wilson decided to play a game of golf, the Secret Service herded a group of photographers into a shack near one of the greens, explaining that the walls were full of holes through which they could take their pictures without disturbing the President. Once inside, however, the photographers found no holes—and also that the door had been padlocked from the outside.

Not until Mr. Wilson had finished his game and departed were they let out. And they were not appeased by the Secret Service chief's explanation that he had no choice—the President had ruled out pictures and didn't trust them wandering about freely.

The White House itself was off-limits to photographers in that era. The lensmen trace their rise to respectability to the election of Warren G. Harding to the Presidency in 1920, when there were fewer than 25 full-time news photographers working the federal beat.

Mr. Harding, editor and owner of the Marion, Ohio, *Marion Daily Star*, brought to the White House a built-in sympathy for news pictures, and a small wooden hut was set up on the grounds to be used as a darkroom and hangout. Later, it became known as the doghouse, but it represented a foot in the White House door.

Contrasted to the high-speed operations today, the gathering of news pictures in the 1920s was loosely organized and leisurely. Andrew J. "Buck" May, during Calvin Coolidge's Presidency, got an exclusive picture which would be impossible in today's fierce competition. Mr.

**Coolidge in feathers has become classic.**

Coolidge was reviewing the fleet off Hampton Roads, Virginia, in 1927. After hours of saluting each passing vessel from the reviewing ship, the President got tired.

Thinking that he might get away with a breach of Navy protocol by sitting down to salute, Mr. Coolidge moved to a deck chair, squatted and continued his chores. As soon as the President executed his first salute from his seated position, May, lurking in the shadows, took the picture.

"Young man," Mr. Coolidge said quietly, "you ought to know better than that."

But as May recalls it, the President said no more. "So I figured I could send the picture out. It was a sensation."

Mr. Coolidge, despite his reputation for silence and aloofness, was by all odds the most willing subject for what the photographers call "baloney pictures." That explains the ancient shots of him in Indian headdress, cowboy suits and spurs, and other indecorous regalia for a White House occupant.

His successor, Herbert Hoover, was the opposite. He once was quoted as saying that a man should have complete privacy in two places: at prayer and while fishing. He relented once or twice in permitting shots of himself in wading boots in a trout stream. But he had little taste for posing in most circumstances.

Franklin D. Roosevelt gave the White House corps a new lease on life, however. He was an excellent camera study, with his tilted cigarette holder and broad grin.

Photographers took more pictures of FDR than any other president because of his long tenure, but they respected one tacit rule while he was in the White House: they would never photograph him locking or unlocking the heavy leg braces he wore as a result of polio.

MOST OF THE CAPITAL photographers view the passing statesman, diplomat, politician as just another human being with a common vanity when the camera is trained on them. One of them observed of Sir Winston Churchill: "When Churchill saw a camera, he immediately became Churchillian." Churchill's gift for visual Churchilliana ranged from his famous wartime "V for Victory" sign to the brandished cigar, waving topper and impish smile.

Because of the growing competition among Washington photographers nowadays, press officers in the Federal Government have succeeded to a large degree in taking the edge off individual enterprise by seeing to it that all photographers get an even break. Nothing brings out the vestigial growls of the lensmen more than the attempt of a colleague to sneak an extra shot after the White House Press Secretary or some other official announces, "That's it, men. Shut it off."

But the inventive, imaginative photographer can still gain an advantage. Two prize pictures taken of President Eisenhower resulted from personal enterprise and imagination.

Frankie Cancellare, United Press photographer, snapped a picture of the President and his grandson

David greeting each other with a long low elaborate bow a year or so ago, catching his competition completely unawares. The bow came at the end of a ritual in which David made a bugle sound with his hands and his grandfather saluted, a ritual which the President would not dilute by acting it out for cameramen.

Cancellare first noticed it in the home of the President's mother-in-law in Denver. He determined then that if he ever caught them doing it outdoors, he'd be ready.

One day in Augusta, as photographers idled on the country club grounds waiting for the President to appear, young David showed up. Cancellare remembered Denver and unobtrusively prepared for the picture in the hopes that the usual greeting would take place.

When Mr. Eisenhower emerged from his cottage and spotted David, he and the boy went into their act—and the UP man got his picture. His chagrined competitors claimed he "shot from the hip," but he had planned the shot for months.

The other picture was taken by George Tames, *The New York Times* photographer. It was snapped as the President sat in the White House a few moments before a nation-wide television speech announcing the end of the Korean War in 1953. The telecast emanated from the old Lincoln kitchen, and photographers were allowed in before the program started to get shots of the President as he sat silently rehearsing.

Tames noticed that the President would, from time to time, remove his spectacles and look into the middle distance to his right with a soft, earnest expression. Tames got into position and got the picture, and was rewarded by having the White House choose that picture as the "official" photograph.

When the President saw Tames' picture in the *Times*, he exclaimed, "Why, that's me!"

What had Tames caught that Ike liked? "His naturalness, I guess," says Tames. "It wasn't retouched, studio-posed or studio-lighted," he adds, modestly.

That picture, apparently the President's favorite camera study of himself, hangs in government offices throughout the land.

## Lost Cause

WHEN HE WAS a struggling newspaperman in Chicago, George Ade would pawn his huge gold watch every Monday to get funds for food until the next payday. Then came fame and affluence as Ade turned humorist and there was no need to pawn the watch.

Years later, Ade chanced to meet his pawnbroker friend on the street. Placing his hand upon Ade's shoulder the pawnbroker asked gently: "What happened, George? Did you lose your watch?"

—*United Mine Workers Journal*

*Success has come easily to the tall, dark and honest fellow who is now Hollywood's top box-office draw*

# The Sensitively Rugged Mr. Peck

### *by* Richard G. Hubler

Some 17 years ago, Eldred Gregory Peck discovered what he calls "how to dig out what is true and show it to an audience."

The swarthy, slow-spoken six-foot-two-and-a-half-inch actor had just commenced his career and was working out a $1,500-a-year scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theater in New York. He and another student were given five minutes to make up a short improvisation.

"We decided," says Peck, "that he would be a dashing, heartless gambler. I would be a cripple with tuberculosis. The plot was obvious —I would plead with him to release my poor sister from his nefarious clutches."

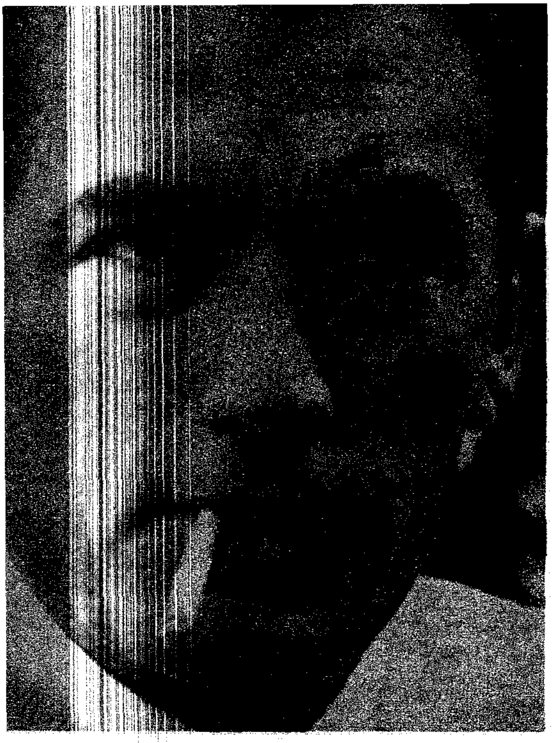
The sketch built up to impassioned heights that held the class spellbound. Peck finally forgot play acting so far as to fling himself on his fellow-student and commence throttling him. The alarmed instructor had to break it up by force.

Since then, Peck has held his audiences by this same rugged integrity, which has become his own peculiar trademark. He has not always done it well, but he has done it.

Four years after the Playhouse episode, he was starred in his first motion picture, "Days of Glory," and his trademark so impressed Hollywood producers that he was given such fine scripts as "Twelve O'clock High," "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," "Roman Holiday"—and his most recent, a gigantic remake of Herman Melville's classic, *Moby Dick*. He worked on this latter for seven months and considers it the finest performance of his career.

John Huston, the director, wanted his father, the late Walter Huston, for the picture; he did not meet another actor he considered to have the elder Huston's stature until Peck. The agreement was made at a London cocktail party.

"Going to do Moby Dick," said



picked up actual dialogue in the open whaling boats.

"I kind of liked it," Peck says. "Ahab was a one-man rebellion against fate—a slightly insane, crude champion of humanity. He wanted to find out a little more about the mystery of life, the mystery we live in. To him, his personal existence meant nothing.

"An actor never becomes much," he goes on with feeling, "until he is more interested in telling a story than he is in exhibiting his profile." He grins self-consciously as he adds: "If you see yourself up there and you haven't found the truth you're trying to tell, you feel embarrassed."

Huston to Peck. "You want to play Captain Ahab?"

"Sure," Peck said.

"Shake," said Huston. They did.

Peck did not hear from Huston for six months, and had almost given up hope when that eccentric young director sent him a script.

For both Peck and Huston the picture—which cost more than $4,100,000—became a chase as intense and terrible as Ahab's search for the White Whale. They created two 90-foot $150,000 whales out of plastic, lost one in the Irish Sea and nearly lost another near the Canary Islands. The sound crews

Peck wants to stick to the movies—he is now finishing a best-seller called *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*—in spite of the fact that their quality is discouraging to him.

His reason for preferring the movies—and, he says, "don't forget that for the last nine years I've been running a summer theater at La Jolla on the California coast"—is that he believes the medium of motion pictures can say more that is true to more people than the stage.

"I never started out to be what anyone thinks of as a 'star,' " Peck declares wryly. "That was too far away. I just wanted to expand. I read, I practiced acting, I worried—everything that everyone else does. In the long run, I got lucky."

"Most of all," Peck says, "it took me a long time to find out that the actor is no bigger than the man. You have to have it inside if you expect to show it outside."

In order to do this, Peck is an avid student. Before embarking on "Moby Dick" he devoured books on New England and whaling voyages. He is interested in Lincoln—a role for which he is tapped a half dozen times every year because of his craggy face, deep voice and unreconstructed figure. He has studied most of the phases of Lincoln's life in his 50-book library of Lincolnia.

Peck's box-office receipts have long ago gone over a total of $100,000,000 gross. He is the only actor in Hollywood who can claim such a record, placed against his relatively few years in the business.

In 1954—without a flop to his name—he was voted the best box-office draw by 7,000 exhibitors in this country and more than 11,000 all over the world.

PECK gives the impression that movie acting is only something to fulfill a drive which has possessed him from his earliest youth. He was born in the little town of La Jolla, California, the only son of an Irish-American druggist and a Dutch-Scotch-English mother. He remembers his parents as "very kind and consistent"—his mother being feminine and artistic, his father taking him on camping trips and hunting expeditions.

When he was four, his parents were divorced: "I was hit pretty hard and I guess I bounced back and forth somewhat." He lived with his grandmother for a time. When he was ten, he went to a military academy for four years.

Among 300 other kids, he commenced to find himself. He was indefatigably ambitious and badgered the coach of the football team until he was finally made halfback at 125 pounds.

At the age of 15, Peck suddenly started to grow, shooting up from five-four to six feet in two years. He entered San Diego State College, shy and self-conscious of his height, and took pre-med courses to please his father. "I never had the necessary precision for that kind of stuff," he says, "and after two years, I quit and joined the Union Oil Company."

As a gardener and clean-up man around a local distributing plant, Peck got $125 a month and enjoyed it. He was promoted to relief truck driver and thought his dream achieved. "I was a good driver, I liked it, I was proud of it. I knew I was somebody, rolling that big trailer around town." He bought a model A Ford, got himself a girl and was, in his words, "ready to settle in."

His girl turned out to be an unsung heroine; she kept nagging him to make something of himself. After six months of this, Peck decided she was right. He went north to the University of California at Berkeley.

To keep himself in school, Peck got a series of jobs—as a janitor, insurance inspector, parking lot attendant, waiter and dishwasher. He also made stroke on the junior varsity crew and one day, as he was proudly strolling across campus in his letter sweater, he was accosted by a drama coach. "He was tired of casting little squirts and he tapped the first six-footer he saw."

Peck played the leader of a Greek chorus, then a stoker in an O'Neill play. He liked it so much that he gave up his ideas of teaching or writing—especially since, on a crew trip east to Poughkeepsie, he had managed to see a Broadway show.

In 1939, after graduation, he left California and got a job at $25 a week as a barker in front of a speedway at the World's Fair. After a month, he got another job as a Radio City guide. He also got his Neighborhood Playhouse scholarship in a moment of lucky inspiration. "All I had was knocking knees," he says . . . "And a case of voice quavers."

This was followed by a second award in the summer from the Barter Theater at Abingdon, Virginia. Here—amid customers who paid their way in with eggs, hams and vegetables—Peck played his first stock roles. He was seen by the producer, Guthrie McClintic, husband of Katharine Cornell, and went into a small part in Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma." He also played in summer stock at Suffern and White Plains.

Later, McClintic gave him the leading role in "Morning Star" which failed on Broadway—but Peck got good notices. The same thing happened a little later in something called "The Willow and

**Greg feels role as Ahab in *Moby Dick* is best performance of his career. Below with sons, Stephen, Jonathan, Carey.**

I"—and Hollywood producers dangled visions of luxury and glory so convincingly before Peck that before he knew it he was committed for 12 pictures in succession.

About the first, Peck says: "I was terrible and I knew it—green, awkward, and scared. I didn't want to leave town with a bad picture, so I did another—and so it went, on and on."

Since that time, he has been delighted to find himself, more often than not, on the road. "I like to travel light and see a lot of odd places and people." He has no permanent residence; he rents where he lights.

He collects odd items like small Greek marble horses and almost life size wooden *santos* from Spain—"because you can work better if you are surrounded with beautiful things."

Partly as a result of his restlessness after being caged too long by Hollywood contracts—according to friends—Peck divorced his wife Greta, a blonde Finnish girl he had married while he was in the Katharine Cornell company.They have three sons: 11-year-old Jonathan, 9-year-old Stephen and six-year-old Carey. "We have a very good relationship," says Peck. "Everyone is happy."

Peck has achieved the recognition he wants; he has enough money and fame to last him the rest of his life. He does not expect to return to the stage—unless he finds "exactly the proper vehicle."

He wants to enlarge the scope of the motion picture by some means other than making the screen bigger. "Somebody has to do pictures just for the pleasure of doing something good and right—whether or not it pans out at the box-office."

If this is strange talk for a man who can claim more box-office records per year than any other Hollywood star—it is the straightest kind of talk he knows. And it seems to be the kind he likes.

## Letter Perfect

THE EDITOR of a weekly newspaper received this letter from a subscriber.

"Dear Sir: Please cancel our subscription to your newspaper. We have just purchased a disposal unit and no longer need it to wrap the garbage."
—JOHN R. ADVENT

AN ATHLETIC CLUB was in a bad way financially because of the nonpayment of dues by its members. The club president asked one of his friends to write a firm but friendly letter to the delinquent members. Soon the dues began pouring in. The president remarked to one of the members that he must have chosen a pretty good letter writer.

The member agreed but added: "He's an atrocious speller. He spells 'lousy' with a 'z' and 'skunk' with a 'c'!"
—R. J. FERGUSSON

**Advertisement**

# The Indoor Climate Boom!

*People ARE doing something about the weather . . . as in Nashville, Tennessee, where a boom in yearound home air conditioning is helping combat hot, humid summers, below-freezing winters.*

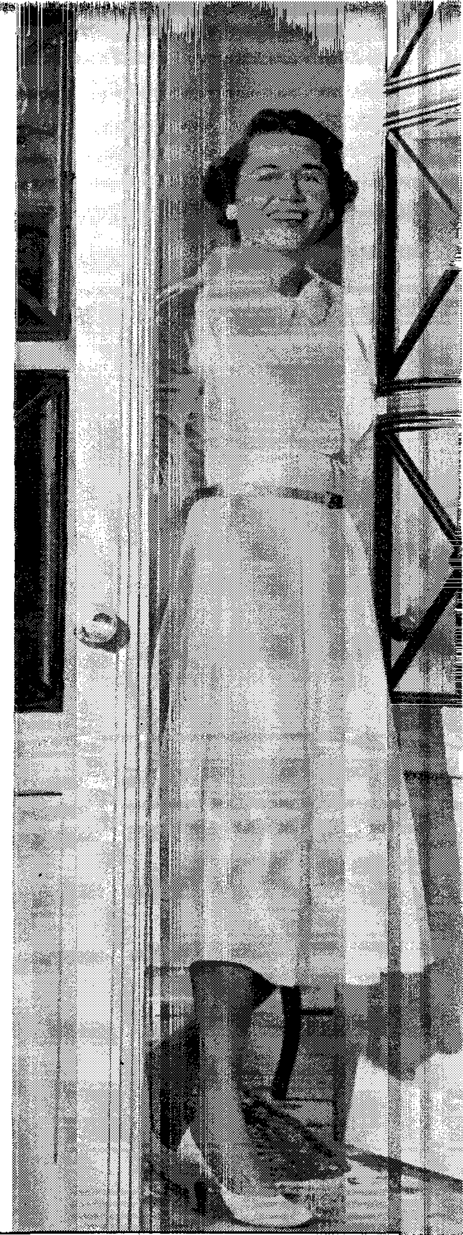
by **WALLACE CAPEL**

ALMOST overnight thousands of Nashville families have discovered the joys of having fresh, clean air *inside* their homes—at the right temperature and humidity—in winter and summer!

More and more Nashville families are installing yearound air conditioning in their homes—to cool in summer *and* heat in winter.

This city-wide surge to air conditioning was demonstrated last fall in Nashville's "Parade of Homes." It featured fourteen new ranch homes by different builders in the $12,500 to $17,000 class. Nine were air conditioned, six of them by Airtemp, a product of Chrysler Corporation.

The trend is definitely to air conditioning in homes all over the country. And Airtemp yearound air conditioning is just as feasible for moderate homes as for fine luxury homes. For when the price of cooling is included in your new home, the additional cost can be as little as $5.75 per month!



**"It seems so much fresher than just plain air!" That's how Mrs. John W. Clay of Nashville describes the air in their year-old home—one of many in Nashville that now have Airtemp yearound air conditioning. Here Mrs. Clay graciously invites you inside her home. On the following pages you can see exactly what this "New Dimension for Living" is like.**

"OUR patio is wonderful," Mrs. Clay admits as she admires it from her bedroom, "but we hardly ever use it now that we have air conditioning. Everybody just peeps at it."

The Clays' former home had a screened porch that Mrs. Clay loved very much. But architect Robert B. Rodgers, A.I.A., of Rodgers & Rodgers, who designed their new air conditioned home, convinced her that with air conditioning, she wouldn't need a porch. Now she thanks him, saying, "I haven't missed the porch one bit."

Architect Rodgers, who hasn't done a house without air conditioning since early in 1952, cautions, "It's poor business *not* to air condition a better class home today because of resale value."

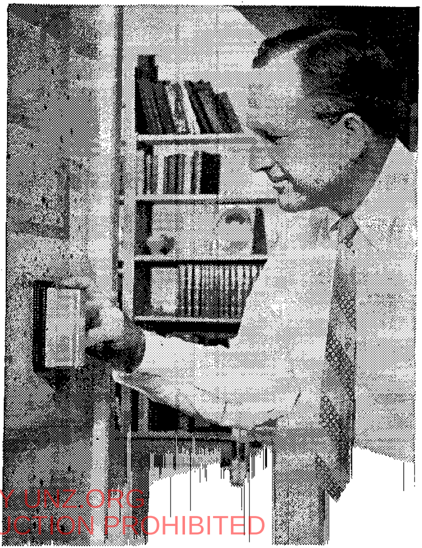
And Mr. Clay agrees, "It's a smart investment!" So the Clays had E. C. Scruggs & Sons, builders, air condition their home throughout.

At first Mrs. Clay was "a little dubious" about air conditioning. "I thought it might be cold and drafty," she reveals, "but now I'm not even conscious of it. The temperature is so even."

MR. Clay, adjusting the automatic Airtemp thermostat, says that he particularly likes the ease with which the temperature can be quickly raised or lowered as desired.

Among the reasons the Clays chose Airtemp are its price and its waterless feature. And, says Mr. Clay, "We knew that Airtemp was a good system because some of our friends had put Airtemp in and it worked fine. I knew that Chrysler was a reputable company. I wouldn't have done business with anyone that wasn't competent and experienced."

Airtemp is economical, too. For example, last summer the operating cost of the Clays' Airtemp system averaged only $8.38 per month in the cooling season from May through September.



THE Clays' "family room" is really a *family* room, thanks to Airtemp! Here, Mr. and Mrs. Clay and their sons, John, Jr., 14, and Jimmy, 10, spend many happy hours together in its air conditioned comfort as they watch TV or play games.

As Mr. Clay puts it, "We're delighted with Airtemp—it makes life more pleasant. In fact, frequently we stay home instead of going out because it's so nice and comfortable." To which Mrs. Clay slyly adds, "Golf is its only competition!"

One thing that appeals to Mr. Clay is the quick service he gets from the local Airtemp dealer. He recalls that "one time when an adjustment was needed, the serviceman was out within 35 or 40 minutes after I called."

WHEN John, Jr., plays football, he is sometimes tackled by his old foe, "pollen allergy." However, since his family has lived in their Airtemp air conditioned home, he reports, "My allergy doesn't bother me like it used to."

His mother observes, "He comes in at night from playing football and he can sleep much better."

John's father, who also has suffered from an allergy, says, "My allergy was much less bothersome this year."

Their Airtemp air conditioning filters the air—also controls humidity—to help safeguard health. As Mrs. Clay says, "I don't believe any of us have had a cold since we moved in. The children used to get a lot of colds. I used to take cold shots every winter, but last winter was the first I haven't."

HY-LAKE CAMPS
HLY

"I'd hate to see the boys have any better appetites!" exclaims Mrs. Clay in telling how her sons relish their meals even on the hottest days. Airtemp cooling helps make hot weather meals more pleasant by keeping foods like butter and ice cream from melting. Humidity control keeps dry foods like cereals and crackers fresh and crisp.

Family dispositions, too, hold up better on sultry days with Airtemp, as Mrs. Clay will attest. "I've always found," she says, "that in the summer I've had trouble with the children getting cross and tired. Now their dispositions are much better. Now they can come in from outside, read or rest for an hour and be all fresh.

"Some people say air conditioning makes you soft," she observes. "I haven't found that true of any of my family. Actually, their activity has increased. You rest better and sleep better."

"It used to be a real chore just *thinking* about that cooking on a hot day," says Mrs. Clay. "Now we have hot meals in summer as well as in winter.

"We lived in a little Cape Cod clapboard house before. This is a bigger house, but I'm not as busy keeping it clean, because there's so much less dust than there was in the little Cape Cod."

Those are just a couple of examples of how housework is made easier and less time-consuming in a cool, clean Airtemp home. Mrs. Clay says she now has more time for her hobbies of gardening, tennis, and reading—and for her PTA and Church activities.

"My cut flowers don't wilt so fast," says Mrs. Clay of Airtemp's indoor climate. "And house plants are just wonderful, especially in the summer when it gets so hot.

"I can go out of my home and garden for an hour, then go back in when it gets too hot, and cool off.

"When I come in on a hot, humid day, I feel like I've had a shot in the arm. I don't know how it feels to have a whiff of oxygen, but I imagine it's like that. I'm less tired, and . . . well, it's just perfect.

"I'd rather sleep in an air conditioned bedroom than have a window open. It's the most conducive thing to good sleep I've ever seen! So quiet! It cuts out all outside noises.

"And last winter, our house was just as warm as toast!"

A dog's best friend is a boy! Jimmy Clay proves it—by his concern over Tuffy, his pet cocker spaniel. For Jimmy wants to know, "Do they make an air conditioned doghouse? Tuffy gets so hot outside."

However, Jimmy's mother points out that a dog's life is sometimes not too bad. She confesses, "I feel sorry for Tuffy. He misses out on air conditioning when he's not in the house. So I let him in when it gets too hot!"

Jimmy's sympathy for Tuffy is based on his own experience with Airtemp. He says, "It was so hot outside last summer that I don't think I could have slept without it!"

# How You Can Have a *"New Dimension Living"* Home

## *—especially designed for Airtemp yearound air conditioning!*

You can get yearound air conditioning by Airtemp in any one of several ways:

(1) Have Airtemp installed in your present home.

(2) Have architect design home especially for air conditioning.

(3) Go to a local builder. Perhaps he'll have a ready-built Airtemp home that is just what you want.

For instance—again in Nashville—a builder, Martin Zeitlin, president of the Martin Construction Co., now has 75 new homes under construction in the rolling hills of Crievewood, about seven miles out of Nashville. These are ranch homes ranging in price from $13,500 to $14,950. They feature "New Dimension Living" with Airtemp yearound air conditioning.

Or, if you can't find such a ready-built home, you can have your architect and builder follow the plan you select from the book "Air Conditioned Homes for New Dimension Living." This book gives plans for 50 homes designed specifically for Airtemp yearound air conditioning.

**Mr. and Mrs. Joe H. Baker of Nashville and builder Martin Zeitlin (right) check their Airtemp home plans in book, "Air Conditioned Homes for New Dimension Living."**

**Air conditioned by Airtemp throughout, this "New Dimension Living" home of the Joe H. Bakers provides the "last word" in comfortable, healthful living conditions.**

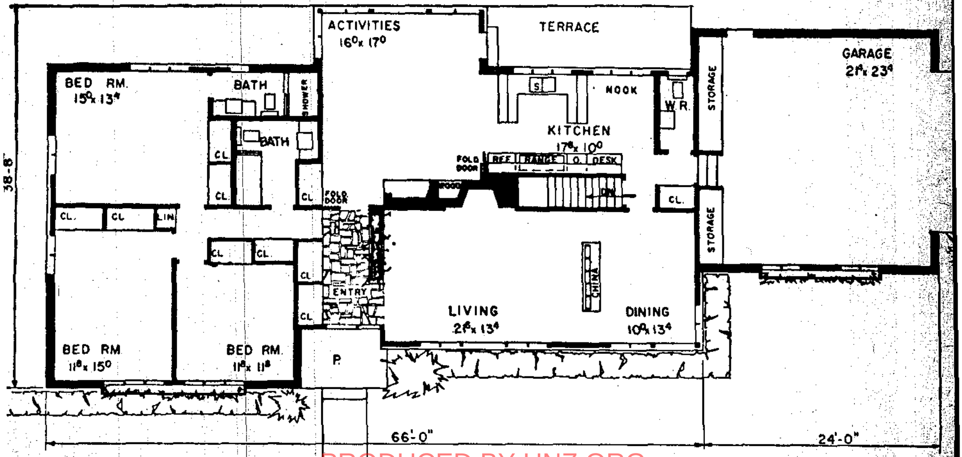
The first home in the country to be started from this book was begun in Nashville last year by Martin Construction Co. Mr. and Mrs. Joe H. Baker bought it while construction was still under way.

The Bakers have had the home completed to their tastes. The kitchen has cabinet doors that open at a mere touch, copper-finished appliances, all sorts of built-ins. Other features: beautifully paneled study for Mr. Baker; family room with fireplace; knotty pine garage with utility room at one end—all heated and air conditioned by Airtemp.

"We both like air conditioning," says Mrs. Baker. The Bakers had an Airtemp window air conditioner in their former apartment. "We ran it 24 hours a day—never turned it off! It was delightful!"

Mr. Baker, speaking of Nashville, says, "Nearly everyone I know who doesn't have air conditioning is having it put in."

**This floor plan is from Airtemp's book, "Air Conditioned Homes for New Dimension Living." With a few changes by their architect and builder, it's like the Baker home.**


ACTIVITIES
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GARAGE
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$11^{8} \times 11^{8}$
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38'-8"
66'-0"
24'-0"

# Airtemp—Engineered by Chrysler—Brings You "The *Forward* Look" in Air Conditioning!

With Airtemp yearound air conditioning in your home, all *you* have to do is breathe!

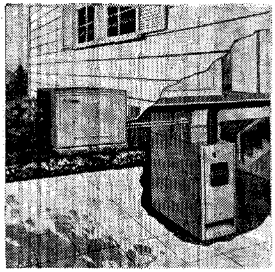
For Airtemp is *completely* automatic. You just dial the climate you prefer. A simple thermostat controls everything—cooling or heating, filtering, humidity, and circulation of the clean, fresh air. This is truly "The *Forward* Look" in air conditioning. Made by a division of Chrysler Corporation, long a leader in engineering, Airtemp gives you top efficiency at low cost.

For example, Airtemp *Waterless* cooling uses only air and electricity.

And in Airtemp's complete line, there's a system that's just right for *your* home.

If you would like to build a home designed especially for air conditioning, see your architect, ask your Airtemp dealer, or send 25¢ with the coupon below for your copy of "Air Conditioned Homes for New Dimension Living."

*An Airtemp "Spacesaver" Can Be Installed In Any Home . . . Old or New!*



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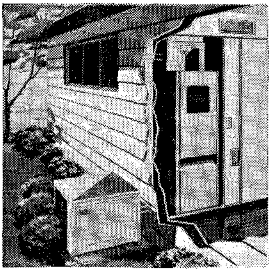

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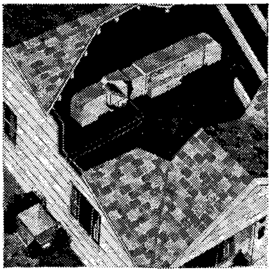

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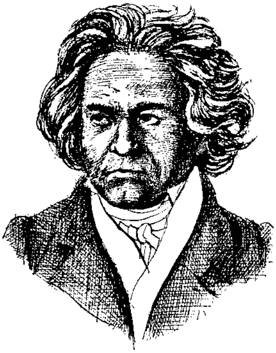
# THE TITAN



"SINCE MY FOURTH YEAR, music became the foremost of my youthful occupations," wrote Ludwig van Beethoven, at the age of 13. The boy never had a normal youth. His father took him out of school when he was 11. He was a vulgar man of wild temper, a musician clever enough to recognize his son's genius and vicious enough to exploit it as a means of financing his drunken escapades. He would stagger home after midnight and shout musical drill lessons at the weeping youngster.

At 12, Ludwig was assistant court organist in his native Bonn. He was a lonely, rude, stubborn boy, who shocked even those few well-inclined people who tried to lift him out of his misery. At 14, he became a member of the court orchestra; his family depended on his salary. At 17, he visited Vienna, Europe's capital of music and the city of Haydn and Mozart. Angered by Mozart's cool reserve, he challenged the master with improvisations so brilliant that Mozart wrote his father, "Keep your eyes on him; he'll make the world talk of him."

Beethoven did not stay in Vienna. He learned that his mother was seriously ill and returned to Bonn—penniless, sick and disillusioned—to bury her, have his father declared incompetent and manage a household of difficult younger brothers.

Despite these burdens, his life took a turn toward the normal. A few good friends brought encouragement and companionship and instilled in him so much disciplined energy that he decided to leave Bonn and go to Vienna.

Beethoven arrived there in the fall of 1792, eager to learn and to triumph. Haydn, who took him as a pupil, disappointed him deeply. Even so, within a year Beethoven was known as the new virtuoso of the piano. Fame buoyed-up his spirits; he found new friends and financial sponsors; a few women were attracted to him, although most rejected the awkward and ugly young musician. But the end of his financial worries and the rapture of creating new music—the first quartets and the first symphony were composed in that time—lightened the shadows of his youth.

Then disaster struck. Beethoven realized he was going deaf. He had noticed disturbing symptoms before and had consulted many doctors and quacks, feverishly, secretly. Now there was no *(Continued on page 120)*

# JESUS CHRIST

## the Central Figure in all history!

**Every letter you write.** Every book you read. Every significant event in your life is dated in relation to Jesus' *incomparable* Life! All the armies that ever marched, all the assemblies that ever met, and all the rulers that ever reigned *put together* have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as the life of Jesus Christ! Truly Jesus has proved His claim to be "the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*."

**Absolutely Necessary! Yes, Indispensable!** Notice these striking descriptions of Christ in the Bible! He is the "bread of life" . . . "the water of life" . . . "the door" . . . "the light of the world" . . . "the good shepherd" . . . "the Saviour" . . . "The King." In every instance Jesus Christ is pictured as absolutely *indispensable* — never an *alternative*. He said: "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me." *John 14:6.*

**Who is this Indispensable Man?** He is "the Son of Man" and also "the Son of the Living God." Nineteen hundred years ago in Judea, God announced: "Unto you this day is born in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Born of a virgin, Jesus came to reveal God's love for a lost world. "He came from the bosom of the Father to the bosom of a woman. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became the Son of Man that we might become sons of God."

**"What manner of man is this!"** his contemporaries exclaimed. With moving compassion He attracted the poor and the rich, the sick and the well, the unlearned and the wise. He lived the perfect life. Even His enemies could find nothing evil in Him. Yet, strange as it seems, man's reaction to the perfect life was *murder on a cross!*

But Jesus' death on the cross was more than the murder of an innocent man. It was a perfect offering for sin. Jesus was the lamb of God, slain for the forgiveness of man's sin. But on the cross "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself" . . . *II Corinthians 5:19.* Jesus "was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities." . . . *Isaiah 53:5.* He transformed the shame of the cross to the glory of man's salvation. At the same time by His cross he fulfilled the law of Moses and delivered men from its bondage. *Ephesians 2:15.*

**But Jesus Christ is not still hanging on a cross!** "He is risen." After appearing to hundreds of His disciples He ascended to the Father's right hand where He is reigning today. *Acts 2:33.* He dwells in the lives of all those who obey Him. He is the *head*, the *only head*, of His Kingdom, His body, His Church. *Colossians 1:18.*

(ADVERTISEMENT)

**But What Has All Of This To Do With You?** Very much indeed. You were created "in the image of God" and endowed with an eternal destiny. For you to achieve fullness of life and obtain salvation you must enthrone Christ at the center of your life. Christ is not valued *at all* unless He is valued *above all!* He is "the author of eternal salvation unto all them that *obey* him . . ." *Hebrews 5:9. "What will you do with Jesus who is called Christ?"* Will you believe in Him as God's Son, your Saviour? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." *Mark 16:16.* Will you *repent* of your sins, your violations of God's law? "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus for the remission of sins . . ." *Acts 2:38* Will you *confess* Jesus? "Everyone who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father who is in heaven." Will you express your faith by obeying Christ's command to be buried with Him in *baptism* for the forgiveness of your sins? "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." *Romans 6:4.* Jesus said: "Except one be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." *John 3:5.*

**You Can Be Just A Christian.** When you obey these commands of Christ. God will add you to the *non-denominational body,* the *church of Christ. Acts 2:47.* The early Christians were not members of any sect or denomination. Peter, James and Paul were *just Christians.* Take Christ as your only creed and the Bible as your only rule of faith and become just a Christian today! Let Christ be the answer to your soul's deep need!

Jesus Christ is absolutely *Necessary!* Yes, *Indispensable! to you!*

If you would like to know more about Jesus Christ and His Church or Kingdom read your Bible, especially your New Testament. Let us all unite as believers in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity. Write for your free copy of the valuable booklet, "Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Your copy will be sent in a plain wrapper.

**FREE** — Mail today

Please send me a free copy of the pamphlet "JESUS CHRIST, the Way, the Truth, the Life."

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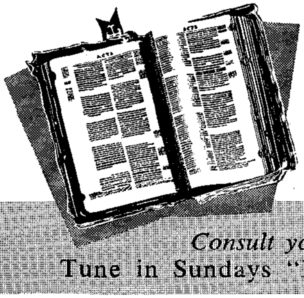

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doubt left—the world of sound was retreating rapidly.

In 1802, a young man of 32, Beethoven wrote his will. It was the fierce proclamation of an artist that art is supreme over pain and handicap, the despairing cry of a human who realizes that his sickness was the reason he never could get along with the world, the proud announcement that his courage would defeat misery.

Years of hectic and, at rare intervals, happy creativity followed. Symphonies, sonatas, concertos were born. Society wooed the man whose thoughts increasingly turned inward. But the financial security which had seemed finally achieved, disappeared in a series of petty legal quarrels. One of his brothers died and Beethoven took his young son as his own, fighting—unsuccessfully—for the boy's affection.

In his younger years, Beethoven had said, "I love a tree more than man." Now only the beauty and the pleasures of nature which he had always loved were within his reach—and the great hopes and struggles of mankind, which he turned into music. The outer world of man receded. His visitors had to communicate with him by writing notes.

At the premiere of his *9th Symphony*, he had to be turned around to *see* the applause he could not hear. And all the time, while disease tortured his body, he probed, in his last quartets, the mysteries of human life in a musical language never heard before or since.

In the spring of 1827, during a violent thunderstorm, Beethoven died. The piano in his apartment was found broken. His fingers had hammered too hard as he tried desperately to hear his own playing.

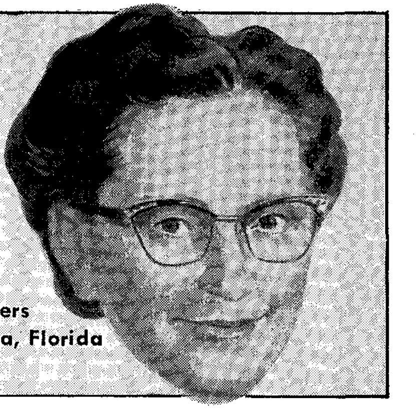
## Coronet's Choice From Recent Beethoven Recordings

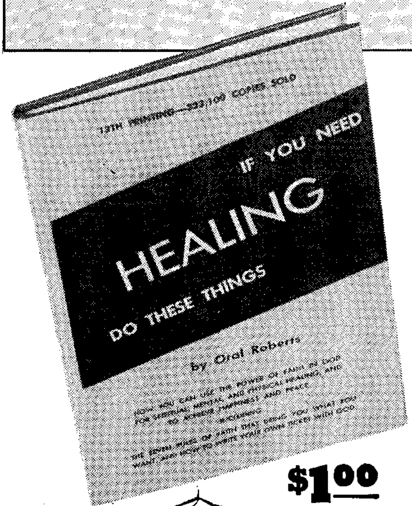
Piano Concerto No. 1 in C Major, Op. 15: Serkin, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra, Columbia ML 4914.
Piano Concertos No. 2 in B-Flat Major, Op. 19; No. 4 in G Major, Op. 58: Serkin, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra, Columbia ML 5037
Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 61: Milstein, Steinberg, Pittsburgh Symphony, Capitol P 8313
Symphonies No. 1 in C, Op. 21; No. 9 in D Minor: Scherchen, Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Westminster WAL 208
Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat, Op. 55, "Eroica": Reiner, Chicago Symphony, RCA Victor LM 1899
Symphony No. 4 in B-Flat, Op. 60: Von Karajan, Philharmonia Orchestra; Ah, Perfido!: Schwarzkopf, Angel 35203
Overtures, Leonore 1, 2, 3, Fidelio: Klemperer, Philh. Orch., Angel 35258
Sonatas No. 8 in C Minor, Op. 13, "Pathetique"; No. 23 in F Minor, Op. 57, "Appassionata"; Rubinstein, RCA Victor LM 1908
Sonata No. 9 in A Major, "Kreutzer": David Oistrakh, Vanguard VRS 6024
Piano Trios No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 1, No. 3; No. 4 in B-Flat Major, Op. 11: Fournier, Janigro, Baduro-Skoda, Westminster 18030
Quartets (complete): Hungarian Quartet, Angel 3512—14
Missa Solemnis: Karl Böhm, Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin Philharmonic, Decca DX 135

—FRED BERGER

"GOD'S POWER
healed me as I
read this book"

*says* Elva Myers
of Tampa, Florida

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AN UNUSUAL ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT REDUCING

# New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This new method removes excess fat with a diet planned by a physician.

This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual food. Dangerous drugs are not used.

## Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining the diet with use of a small, inexpensive device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required of the user; she simply places small circular pads over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial—and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests.

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment exercises muscles beneath eyes; a special "Vest" exercises back muscles and the chest muscles that lie beneath the breasts.

The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature suitcase; measures 11"x9"x6" and weighs less than 9 pounds.

This new method of reducing requires only about 30 minutes daily use of the machine—and this is done while the user rests; she may even sleep during her reducing treatment. The machine itself reduces inches, not pounds; the diet removes the weight.

Usually, after the first month of daily use, even less time is required; often as little as once a week.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are, in every way, as beneficial for reducing as the usual prescribed "exercises."

## Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

## Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4" off abdomen and 3" off hips; the other 2½" from abdomen and 3" from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2"; Hips 3"; Upper Abdomen 1"; Upper Thigh 2"; Knee 1½"; Calf 1". She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

## National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

## Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable old-timer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-7: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 1200, Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 1210 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 915 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1010 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

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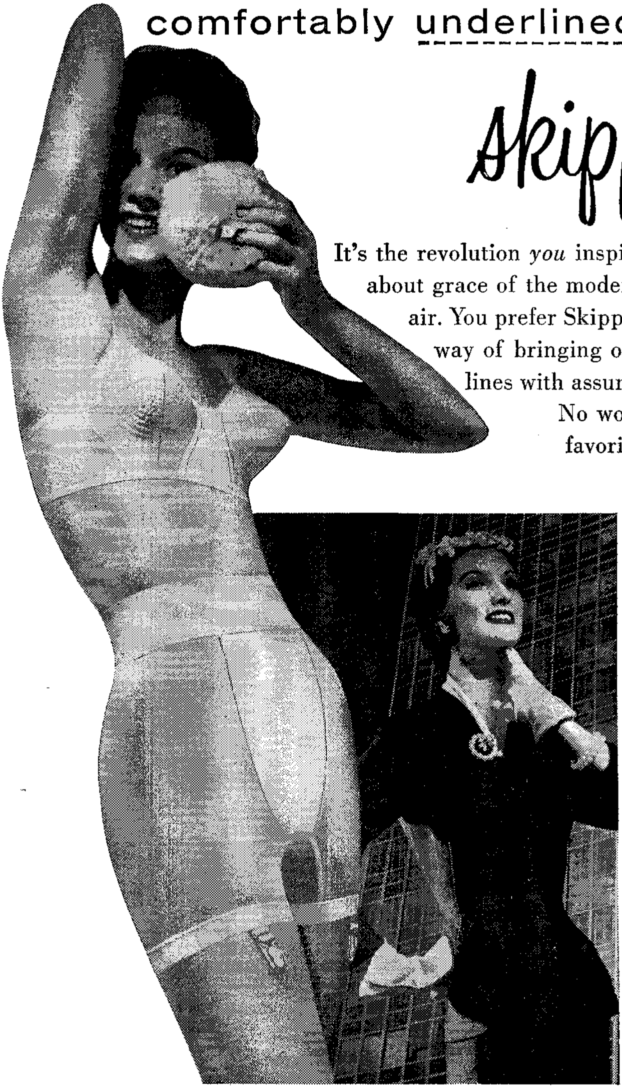

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# MOTHER OF COURAGE

*The inspiring story of a woman who suffered a tragedy few people could face and learned to live a normal, happy life*

*by* JOSEPH STOCKER

IN MANY RESPECTS, Margaret Chanin is like any other mother of a brace of lively small boys. She takes care of them in her own home—along with a husband—and lives a contented and reasonably normal life. But Margaret does this in spite of one of the worst things that could happen to a human being—she lost both her arms.

It's been 15 years since it happened. Margaret Chanin was a tall pretty girl of 24 (she was Margaret Jones then) and had just completed her sophomore year as a dental student at the University of Texas

With her artificial arm, Margaret can drive and cook almost as well as any housewife.

School of Dentistry, at Houston.

Margaret, her date and another couple were on a sailboat outing in the Gulf of Mexico. They had beached the boat and Margaret, grasping the anchor chain with both hands, was perched on the gunwale. Her date was standing at the water's edge beside her. He happened to brush her leg just as the mast of the boat touched a power line.

The electricity surged down the guy wires, through the chain, through Margaret's arms and into the boy. He, being grounded, was killed. Her arms had to be amputated just below the shoulders.

In the hospital, Margaret was kept heavily sedated for three weeks until she could build up strength to endure the blow of being told. First there was the numbness of knowing, then the desolation of wondering what the future held for an armless woman.

"I think I prayed to die," she says. "But I guess I didn't pray sincerely. I don't think I ever wondered why it had to happen to me, but I wondered what I had to live for."

Margaret gave up any thought of returning to school, until one day when the dean, Dr. F. C. Elliot, visited her.

"We have lots of dentists with hands," he said. "What we need are some with heads."

Margaret was discharged from the hospital and went to live with relatives in Houston. On her first venture out, she announced that she was going downtown to get a hair ribbon, refusing all offers of help.

She wore a suit with capacious pockets to hold the things she would need. She had the family place her bus fare in one pocket, so the driver got it easily. At the department store, the clerk placed her purchase in one pocket and took her money from another. It was, all in all, a very successful first excursion.

But Margaret hated being stared at, and so she had almost her entire wardrobe made over into capes for concealment. It all backfired when she boarded a bus one evening, cape-clad as usual, and asked the driver to take the fare out of her pocket.

"What's the matter with your hands?" he growled. "Can't you do it yourself?"

Eventually the cape fetish was forgotten and Margaret faced up to the fact that, whether she liked it or not, she was going to be stared at. She returned to dental school, for the dean felt she had a future in teaching.

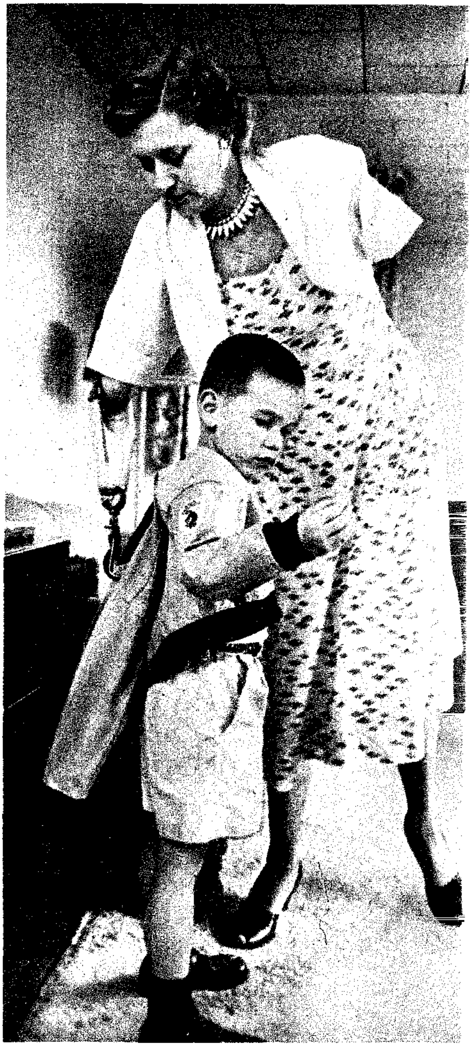
Her emotional convalescence was helped immeasurably by the casualness of her schoolmates. They carefully refrained from being oversolicitous and treated her very much as they always had.

Unable to do the clinical work, she watched the others. Unable to write, she dictated her papers or took her examinations orally.

Meantime, about a year after the accident, she had gone to Minneapolis to be fitted with artificial arms. It was a prodigious problem in prosthetics, for Margaret had only about four inches of stump on the right side and a couple of inches on the left. This was before World War II and the science of prosthetics hadn't advanced very far.

Margaret got her arms, but she couldn't make them work. "They just filled up my sleeves," she says. What was worse, they were uncomfortable. After about a year, she abandoned the arms and, for the next few years, she did without.

After her graduation in 1943, Margaret went on to the University of Michigan to study public health as additional background for teaching. It was here at Ann Arbor, in



Mommy helps son Robert get dressed.

1945, that she met Martin Chanin.

Marty was from New Jersey, studying biochemistry. He had seen Margaret on the campus, liked what he saw and contrived to be introduced to her.

The courtship lasted a year and a half, during part of which Margaret had a job in the health education program of the public schools at nearby Flint. Marty says he almost gave up three separate times—"I was tired of arguing."

Margaret, though she liked Marty very much, doubted if a woman without arms had a right to marry. "I felt that marriage was impossible with as much of a handicap as I had" she says. "I couldn't visualize any man in his right mind marrying me."

Marty beat out two other serious suitors, and the wedding took place in 1946, just a day after he received his Ph.D.

They stayed at Ann Arbor for a year, while Marty taught and Margaret finished her thesis for another degree. "He stood over me and made me do it," she says.

Indeed, Marty's whole attitude apparently has been one of the secrets of Margaret's successful adjustment to life and marriage. He has gently urged her to do as many things for herself as possible, encouraged her to be an individual and a fully-participating partner in their marriage.

After they had moved to Evansville, Indiana, where Marty taught in Evansville College, their first boy, Philip, was born. Two years later came Robert.

Margaret had day-time help and willing neighbors. When she was alone she resorted to such contrivances as opening doors with her feet and picking up the baby's bottle by seizing the rubber nipple between her teeth.

In 1952, a new right arm was fashioned for her which worked a bit better than anything she had had previously. Still it was complex and uncomfortable.

Then the Chanins heard about the University of California's Prosthetics Training Center at Los Angeles, a project financed by the Veterans Administration to do experimental work in developing artificial arms. Margaret could be outfitted there without cost.

In September, 1953, they moved to California. Marty got a job as a pharmaceutical chemist in thoracic surgery research at the City of Hope Hospital in Duarte, and the Chanins acquired a home nearby.

The move paid off. UCLA made a right arm for Margaret which has given her more independence—and comfort—than she has known since the accident. She can fix dinner (with Philip's help), set the table, do the marketing, lift objects (so long as they aren't too heavy), clean the house, do the laundry and some ironing, and put cake tins into the oven.

Marty dresses her before he leaves for work in the morning, and from then on she's on her own. She has only a part-time maid.

Furthermore, and for the first time, Margaret can now feed herself. And she can get into and out of her artificial arm by herself, without help from Marty. But what's most important, she can drive a car.

Their station wagon has automatic transmission, power steering and a rubber ring on the steering wheel for Margaret to insert the hook. The starter is on the floor and so is the horn button. She works the turn indicator with her knee.

Up to now she has been able to use only an artificial right arm. Recently, however, Magaret underwent an experimental operation by which bone from her left leg was grafted to the shorter left arm stump so that an artificial arm may be fitted there too.

The Chanin boys seem quite heedless of the fact that their mother is different from other boys' mothers. Occasionally she hears Philip or Robert explain to a friend, "She lost 'em in a boat," and that seems to answer all questions.

One of the important reasons for Margaret's never-ending drive toward self-sufficiency is to keep from letting her children feel the burden of an armless mother. She is active in PTA and in her church, and invariably gives inspiration to people who see her in action.

She acknowledges quite freely that her religious faith was of great help in making the enormous adjustment that was demanded of her. She remembers that, at the depths of her desolation, when she was wondering what she had to live for, her mother said, "The time will come when you will see that there is still a purpose in your life. You will realize that you have a mission."

Margaret thinks that perhaps her mission is simply to let others who are afflicted know what can be done, and take heart.

* * *

**After a busy day of PTA and church meetings, Margaret relaxes with her family.**

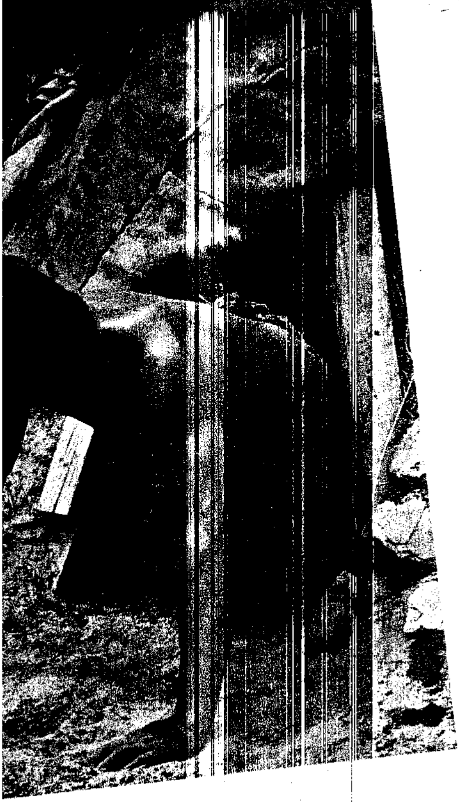
THE HAVASUPAI RACE THEIR HORSES OVER THE SANDS OF THEIR TINY WORLD

# The Primitive Havasupai

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TED CASTLE

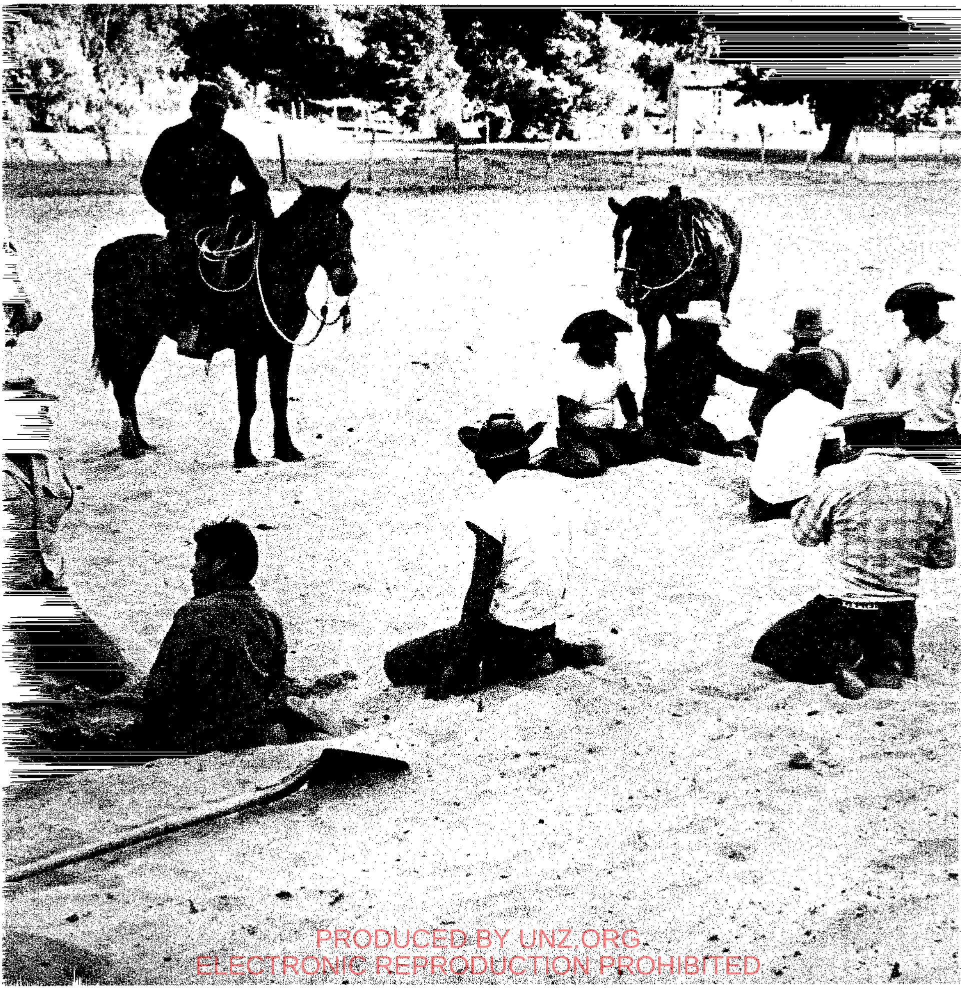
AS THEIR ANCESTORS DID OVER THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAINS.

For more than 1000 years, the Havasupai (people of the Blue-Green Waters) have dwelt on a 518-acre shelf of land jutting from the Grand Canyon's western end. Here, halfway between heaven and earth, this miniature civilization (30 families, 218 people) live much as they always did, in mud-and-branch "hogans" or wooden frame houses, worship their ancestral gods, pursue their ancient pastimes. Their only communication with the outside world is the steep horseback trails of the Canyon's slopes. But they seldom follow these to the top, have little curiosity about others.



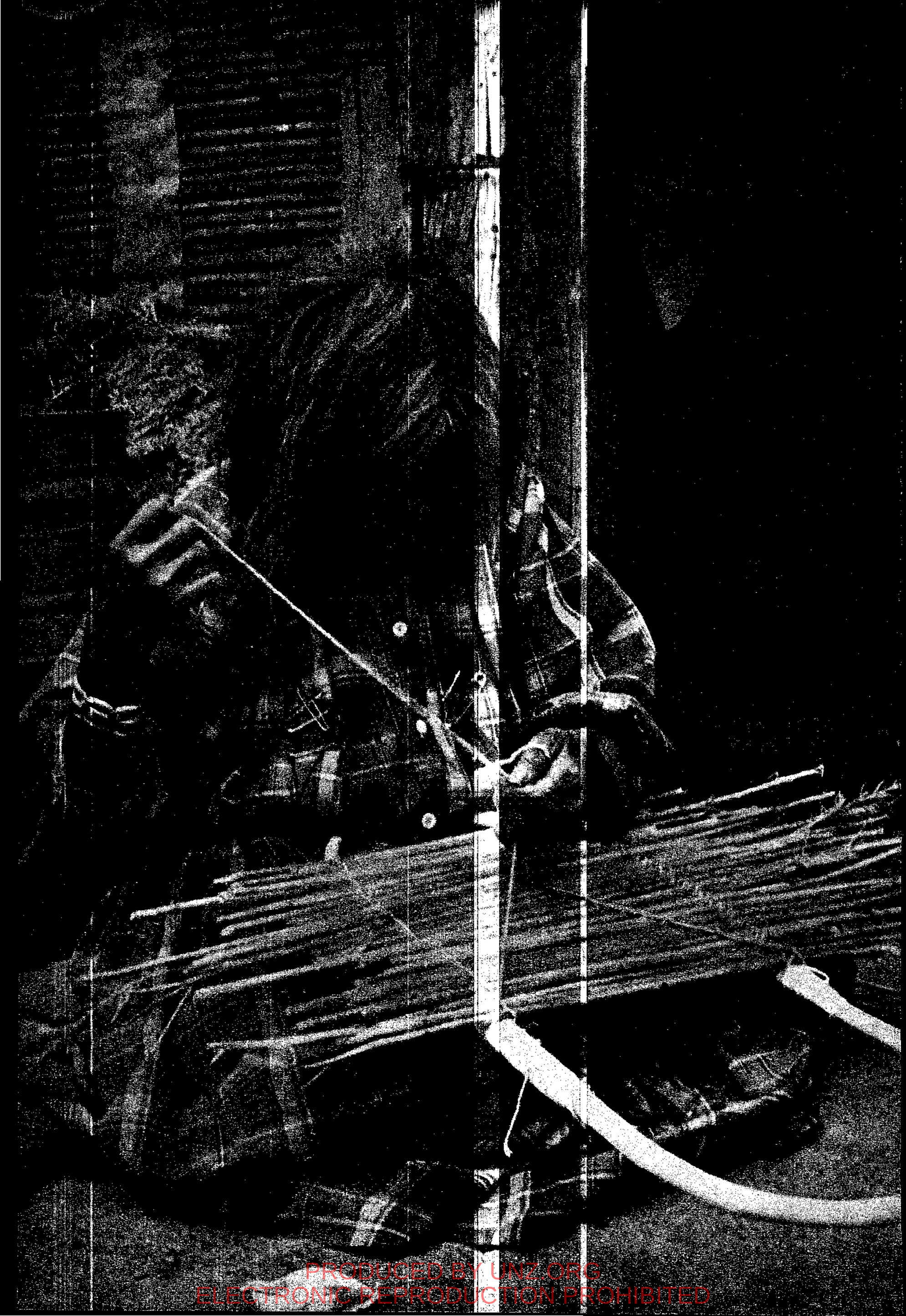
THERE are very few diversions in the Havasupai's isolated world; chief male pastime is the communal singing and tall-tale-telling they do in primitive steam baths which they call *Ta Olvos* (above). These are made by stretching burlap on a branch frame over a large shallow hole, then sprinkling water on heated stones that have been placed in the hole. When they've taken all the steam they can, the men continue their song-and-gab fests outside, lolling and sunning themselves endlessly in the sand or bathing in the waters of the Havasu Creek which empties into the Colorado River. Their young stand around and listen wide-eyed to the boastful tales and traditional songs.

THE pastime next in popularity to horse racing is an Indian version of the old shell game. For this, two sides are chosen and each side makes four mounds of sand. Then, with great secrecy, one side hides a stone under one of its four mounds. The other side must guess which mound the stone is under. This game is played endlessly and the Indian will bet his last buckskin shirt, and anything else he can lay his hands on, that his side will win.



THE burial ground, two miles from the village proper, lies at the very foot of the Grand Canyon's towering vertical walls. Their main religious belief is based on two towering pillars of rock; when these collapse, they believe their days are over. Below, a death watch is held by a distraught Indian father whose seven children died of dysentery. The Havasupai, with their dark complexions, straight black hair and round, Oriental faces, look healthy; but because they reject the white man's medicine and hygienic methods, the death rate is high, especially in infancy, where dysentery, caused by improper methods of sanitation, is the chief killer. And, though the climate in the valley is ideal, the tuberculosis rate due to the poor food they eat is high for all ages. Infectious diseases are rampant, for the pride of the Havasupai will not let him take full advantage of the white man's medicine.

THE younger girls have a small orchestra in which they play plastic instruments supplied by a local Episcopal mission to which few ever go. But such an organization is unusual; the children are usually left to dream up their own amusements. The few toys that come from the outside world are gotten from a mail order house, as are most "civilized" things owned by the Havasupai, for the nearest town is 75 miles away and not a single member of the tribe owns a car. Child discipline is mild; they believe scolding can "wither a child's soul." Children are encouraged to "play grownup," thus learn to care for selves, to farm and do housework.



For over 1000 years, little has changed in this strange, hidden place. Men till the ground with many of the same primitive tools, women still make their own cradles—boards from twigs—and carry their papooses on their backs in them. Except for a few civilized importations like bandages, the primitive medicine of their ancestors is the only one the Havasupai will accept. Even during the most serious illness, the medicine man's word is final. Thus, by scorning most civilized ways, this odd little band has held on to its individuality, preserved its uniqueness, despite the great temptations of our culture. Who, in this atomic age, can say they are wrong?

# BIRD WITH

*by* Reed Millard

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN KUNZ

TIE ANY OTHER BIRD by the leg and he will keep flying to the end of the string until overcome by exhaustion. Not so the crow, who, while short on beauty, is long on brains.

He wastes little energy in foolish struggling. Instead, he calmly goes to work on the string, pecking away at it until it is severed. Or if he sees a knot he will peck at that and, as often as not, succeed in untying it.

Such display of cool good sense is included in the evidence that leads naturalists to hail the crow as the black genius of the skies. They agree with Henry Ward Beecher's statement, "If men were birds, few would be smart enough to be crows."

Striking indication of the crow's sagacity is the fact that there are so many of him. In spite of strenuous efforts to exterminate him, there are more crows today than there were when the Pilgrims landed.

His ability to stay alive can be traced, for one thing, to the intelligence he shows in his unique method of spotting danger. Crows, which usually fly in large flocks—some numbering in the thousands—never settle down to feed without posting guards at strategic points which give maximum view of all approaches.

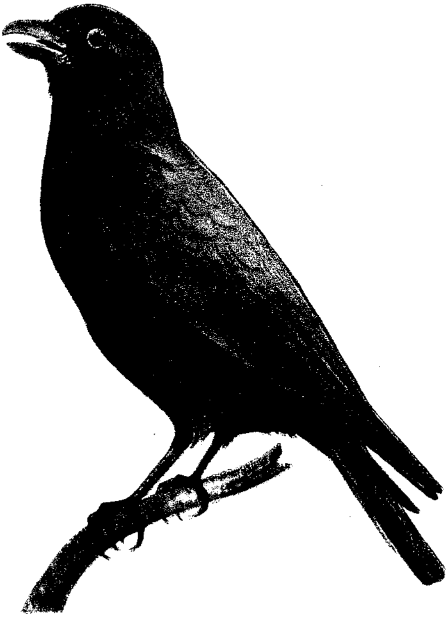
These guards show an uncanny ability to distinguish danger. Let a car drive by, a farmer enter a nearby field or a schoolboy and his dog run past, and the watchful scouts remain silent. But if a man with a gun appears, warning cries will fill the air and instantly the entire flock is on the wing.

For sheer all-around ability to apply his intelligence, the crow is without peer in birddom. One of his more startling mental attainments is his almost human concern for a crow in distress.

One observer noticed two crows leave the flock and land in his garden, where bits of food were scattered about for songbirds. One of the crows was a big fellow, the other was scrawny and had a broken leg.

Upon landing, the injured crow could barely flutter about, but the other scurried around gathering morsels of food which he dropped within reach of his crippled companion. After an hour or so, when the Good Samaritan felt his friend had eaten enough, he set up a loud cawing and they flew away.

# BRAIN



*The amazing crow talks, acts and often behaves in a near-human way*

Edward Howe Forbush, the great ornithologist, once saw a crippled crow fall into a river. He lay there floundering and crying for help. His call was answered instantly by hundreds of other crows, who swooped down over the water in such a way that their wings gave him support and kept him afloat as they slowly steered him ashore.

Crows will habitually make an effort to protect a wounded member of the flock against attack by any forest creature, forming a wall of flapping, pecking black bodies around him. If an injured crow cries out in distress, the flock will gather and utter a low, wailing cry that, even to human ears, has a deep note of sadness.

Crows too, have a puzzling activity unique in nature. Incredible as it seems to those who have observed it, crows seem to have a system of justice that involves trial and punishment.

While the crow who is apparently being tried sits some distance away, the rest of the flock gathers together. For a long time—perhaps for hours—they appear to hold earnest discussions, their voices rising and falling.

Eventually, when a decision seems to have been reached, the flock will either fly off, or descend upon the "prisoner" and peck him to death.

What is the explanation? As one naturalist remarks, "The mystery of whether this victim is a criminal, or the victim of some strange rite of the bird world beyond the capacity of man to understand, may never be solved."

For purposes of carrying on conversation with his own kind, naturalists believe the crow has a vocabulary of at least 25 different sounds. He has one cry for warning of the approach of an enemy—usually man, since the crow has few other enemies to fear. He has other cries which evidently relate the condition and whereabouts of food, what's happening in the neighborhood and his dislike for the owl.

Evidently the crow prizes his vocal abilities, because one of the prime entertainments of crowdom is a concert, in which birds take turns showing off their virtuosity. When one has run through his repertory of calls, his audience gives forth with a burst of sound that might be applause.

The crow is one of the few creatures that can actually learn to speak human words. A crow named Pete, a hundred-odd years ago, was the cause of a bell being used instead of the human voice to start a horse race.

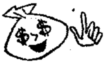
As the horses were lining up at the post at a Georgetown race track, Pete stridently called, "Go!" The horses went, amid the anguished shouts of judges and spectators.

The crow is a practical joker who seems to take raucous joy in the discomfiture of his victims. Many a gardener has walked along planting a row of seeds, only to look back and discover that a playful crow has been right behind him calmly taking out each seed and tossing it to the side of the row.

Crows also seem to take great joy in stealing anything small that glitters. They commonly abscond with jewelry, eyeglasses, lipstick cases, mirrors, watches and fountain pens. One used to create an uproar at Bear Mountain State Park in New York by stealing the ignition keys of parked cars.

The prankish crow likes nothing better than to silently light on the back of a sleeping cow, and then set up a tremendous cawing that startles the poor bovine half out of her wits. Crows have been known to take similar pleasure in pecking at a bald-headed human enjoying a siesta.

An observer reports that he once saw two crows playing a game with a tennis ball. One would carry it to the top of a steep snowbank and let it roll down. Just before it reached bottom, another crow would swoop down, snatch it up and carry it back to the starting place. When a human intruder got too close, one of the birds picked up the ball and flew away with it, seeking another place to enjoy the sport they had devised.



## Financial Factors

WOULDN'T PEOPLE scream if they had to pay the preacher as much for the marriage as they do the lawyer for the divorce? —SENATOR SOAPER

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE the things that money can buy, so long as you don't lose the things it can't. —WALTER KIERNAN

A WOMAN'S BIGGEST ASSET is—and always has been—a man's imagination. —GALEN DRAKE

# A Faith Called Unity

*by* Phil Dessauer

*From a handful of people believing in the power of prayer grew a world-wide religious movement*

A pretty nightclub performer was stranded, without a job. A housewife lay in a hospital, desperately ill and discouraged. A baseball manager couldn't rouse his team out of a slump.

All these people in trouble had one thing in common: they turned to God for help, through a religion of hope called Unity. And they believed that their prayers were answered.

Unity—which seeks a "union of God and man"—thrives on such appeals for aid and comfort. Every year, more than 600,000 requests for prayers stream into its busy headquarters, the Unity School of Christianity, just outside Lee's Summit, Missouri. In response, Unity workers pray continuously, 24 hours a day, for all who need healing or help.

Followers of Unity feel that it is a measure of God's answer that the movement has grown from a handful to a legion that has been estimated at more than 5,000,000 around the world. The great majority are not enrolled as "members" but take their inspiration from the vast quantities of literature that pour out of Lee's Summit. Many belong to other churches, but find something in Unity's message that warms or lifts the spirit.

Its theme of "practical Christianity" is that the teachings of Jesus Christ can bring bountiful blessings to anyone who has affirmative faith in God. Affirmative faith says, "God is my health" instead of asking for health. There is no need to ask Him for a better job or good fortune, says Unity, when He is showering the world with plenty and we have only to attune ourselves to His goodness to share it, through prayer and meditation.

Thus a Unity prayer for healing

affirms: "The rich harvest of heaven fills me and thrills me with its harmony and health. Praise God I am made whole." And for prosperity: "I acknowledge God as the source of my prosperity and the one and only power in my life."

Charles Fillmore, who with his wife Myrtle founded Unity more than 65 years ago, wrote that "Faith is like a mustard seed and it will grow. Pray, pray, and keep praying; affirm, and yet affirm once more. Your persistent prayers will succeed."

ALTHOUGH Unity teaches that attitude is more important than results, its files are filled with testimonials telling of the miraculous blessings this simple faith has achieved. They recount that Unity's prayers have reportedly restored sight to the blind, helped cure syphilis, paralysis, mental illness, obesity and alcoholism. A check of 6,000 letters that arrived one day showed almost 1,500 cited some personal benefits received through prayer.

One man wrote that in a mood of despair over his failing business, he had decided to kill himself. Cleaning out his desk, he came across a letter that had come from Unity School some months earlier.

"What one heart cannot bear alone," it began, "a hundred loving hearts can bear with faith. In faith we are praying with you."

Reading it over and over, he decided that his solution lay in life, not death, and he went to bed that night with a new serenity and hope.

The school has a department of concentrated praying called Silent Unity, housed in a building where the "hundred loving hearts" pray throughout the day and night and answer the letters, telegrams and telephone appeals that pour in endlessly.

Special healing services are standard practice, for Unity sprang from the healing of Myrtle Fillmore when she was desperately ill with tuberculosis. One night in 1886, after seeking relief from many sources, she was struck by a statement she heard: "I am a child of God and therefore I do not inherit sickness."

Over and over she repeated the words, until she was convinced that "life...has to be guided and directed in man's body by his intelligence."

"Then it flashed upon me," she wrote later, "that I might talk to the life in every part of my body and have it do just what I wanted. I began to teach my body and got marvelous results."

Unity literature reports that in two years of praying and directing her thoughts, she became completely free of her illness. Then she began helping neighbors heal themselves and others.

Later, she and her husband Charles began to hold prayer meetings, and one night as he sat in meditation the word "Unity" came into Charles' mind.

"That's it!" he cried. "Unity—that's the name for our work, the name we've been looking for."

He had been a cripple most of his life, with a withered leg that dated from a boyhood accident. He started to apply the "healing principle" to himself, and recorded that in a few years his leg had lengthened so much he could discard the metal extension he had worn.

Charles and Myrtle taught their idea with zeal and energy. They started a magazine, "Modern Thought," and it proved the mustard seed that grew slowly into Unity's great publishing enterprise.

The Unity movement outgrew the home of the Fillmores, moving through a succession of buildings in Kansas City. Charles had the idea of setting up a self-sufficient community in a peaceful rural area, and as early as 1920, he and his sons Lowell and Rickert selected the first 58 acres of Unity Farm, which now stands just off U.S. Highway 50, some 17 miles southeast of Kansas City.

*NEXT MONTH*
*IN CORONET*
New drugs and vaccines constantly developed by round-the-clock medical researchers mean
WE'RE LICKING CHILDHOOD DISEASES!

The first building, the home of Silent Unity, was completed in 1929. The Farm, grown to 1,200 acres, was incorporated into Unity Village in 1953.

Charles Fillmore has been dead nearly eight years, but his two sons have carried on his work. Lowell, now 74, is president of Unity School. Rickert, 71, is the architect and builder.

But the spirit of Charles Fillmore still dominates Unity. Every morning at 11 o'clock, all work stops at Unity School. Seven hundred and fifty workers stand in a moment of quiet while Charles' recorded voice recites the Lord's prayer.

Unity has no mission and seeks no converts except those who want to become a part of the "family" of their own accord. Yet there is a tremendous outpouring of missionary material from the school. Unity publishes a total of seven magazines, ranging from "Wee Wisdom," for children, up to "Daily Word," which has a subscription list of approximately 750,000.

The presses turn out scripts for 75 radio stations and books, pamphlets, prayer cards, greeting messages and tracts covering every phase of Unity teachings.

This avalanche of words is distributed through regular subscribers, libraries, hospitals, penitentiaries and some 250 Unity Centers, temples and classes in the U.S., plus similar outlets abroad. Unity's symbol, a winged globe, represents the flight of this printed matter into the far corners of the world.

A new book, *The Unity Treasure Chest*, containing Unity writings, has just been brought out by Hawthorne Books, Inc. It took the publisher two years to convince the conservative Unity people to allow reprints of their works. Only the thought that their message would reach new people convinced them.

General Mark Clark tells of reading "Daily Word" and taking comfort from one of its prayers shortly before the American landing at Salerno Bay in 1943. "In the air, in sea or land," it said, "Thy sure protection is at hand."

Unity "families" range from little clusters that meet in homes or office buildings to congregations numbering thousands, such as those in Los Angeles, Kansas City, Detroit and St. Petersburg, Florida. But large or small, every Unity center shares one remarkable practice with the parent school: they have no dues, no pledges, no budget.

The money comes from "love offerings," sale of literature—and "prosperity banks," one of Unity's most successful ideas. These little cardboard banks, printed at the school, are distributed with instructions to drop in a coin at a regular time each day and to concentrate on the prayer on the back. "The spirit of the Lord goes before me," it says, "and my health, happiness, prosperity and success are assured."

Services in the Unity temples tend to be simple, stressing healing and happiness. Prayers are followed by periods of silence giving God time to deliver His response.

Charles Fillmore always thought of himself as a teacher, not a preacher. Unity grew into a religion in spite of his wishes. He believed the Bible was written allegorically, with larger meanings hidden in its words. He also believed in reincarnation, on the theory God would give His children chances to improve themselves in future lives.

Many members of the Unity family follow these beliefs of the founder. But "Papa Charley," as Fillmore was called, was not a man of immovable ideas. He always asserted his right to change his mind.

This spirit of freedom carries on today. Unity has no fixed creed. Although it holds that God's healing goes beyond that of medical science, it does not insist that its followers abandon doctors. It considers sin "not living up to the highest that is in you."

Unity does not quarrel with other religions. As Lowell Fillmore says, "We're all teaching Christianity." Some appeals to Silent Unity have come from pastors of other churches.

Above all, in Unity there is faith. During one of the many times of financial stress, Charles and Myrtle Fillmore called their staff together to talk to God.

"Let us pray that the money holds out," said one of the workers.

"Oh, no," corrected Myrtle Fillmore gently. "Let us pray that our faith holds out."

## Naturally

THE STINGER of a bee is only .03125 inches long. The rest of the 12 inches is pure imagination. —*Miamisburg News*

IN JAPAN, CATFISH ARE KEPT in homes, offices and municipal buildings to give warning of impending earthquakes. At intervals the glass tanks are tapped. If the catfish take no notice, all is well. But if they begin to swim swiftly up and down the tank it's a sure sign there'll be an earthquake in the locality within 24 hours. It is a strange fact that if the tank is not tapped, the catfish give no warning. —*Northwestern Bell*

# Golden Harvest of Citrus

*by* Louis Sarbach

FROM ORANGES, LEMONS AND GRAPEFRUIT, SCIENTISTS ARE CREATING A TREASURE-GROVE OF ASTONISHING PRODUCTS

THE CHEMIST filled a beaker with warm water, then added a small spoonful of a snowy white powder. "Watch this," he said, stirring. In seconds the powder dissolved, leaving the water as colorless as before. But minutes later an amazing thing happened.

He turned the beaker upside down. As you'd expect, out came the water. But it didn't spill. It stood up—a transparent beaker-shaped mound of shiny gel.

This strange powder, with its mysterious ability to fasten water molecules with invisible rivets, was low methoxyl pectin, one of the many fascinating new products scientists have lately developed from oranges, lemons and grapefruit. In laboratories of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the great citrus marketing cooperatives, chemists are working golden magic with these familiar fragrant fruits.

The soap you wash with and the oleo you eat may have started in an orange grove. Quick-healing powders for wounds and an important new drug which makes it possible for many women once thought sterile to bear children; mucilage, tree spray, sponge rubber, printing ink—all come from one or another of the compounds nature has built into the fabulous citrus treasure-grove.

Let's take a brief chemist's-eye view of citrus fruit. The tough, bright-colored rind and the white spongy layer just beneath form the peel, rich in oil, wax, pectin and a remarkable dye-substance, flavonoid, that has recently been making medical headlines. Under the peel are the juice-packed sections, rich in valuable acids, sugars and vitamins, plus additional oils, pectin and flavonoids. Torn apart, recombined and modified, these raw materials are taking forms that create excitement among doctors, farmers, perfumers, housewives, druggists, engineers, biologists, and a large variety of industrial technologists.

At the Sunkist Exchange Lemon Products Company's plant in Corona, California, automatic extractors squeeze out 4,500 gallons of lemon juice a day. While at plants of Sunkist's Exchange Orange Products Company and at plants affiliated with the Florida Citrus Commission other avalanches of fruit arrive daily to be made into juice. But whether it's oranges, lemons or grapefruit, frightening tonnages of peel, pulp and seeds remain after the juice has been squeezed.

So chemists went to work to find means of utilizing the citrus rind and "rag." One profitable sideline they developed was orange oil. Forced from the rind with modern machinery, it flavors beverages, candy, cakes, pies.

But de-juicing and de-oiling barely get us off to a good start. We haven't even looked at citrus pectin, of which there's probably enough to make jelly out of all the sugar in Cuba. Now chemists have found it full of more fascinating possibilities—a raw material, we're told, destined to rival petroleum and coal tar as the source of countless chemical wonders.

Doctors also became interested in pectin for use in transfusions. They found that pectin dissolved in distilled warm water, while not nearly as good as plasma, could pinch-hit for it on the battlefield.

Almost 20 years ago, in Indianapolis, a five-year-old boy had been struck by a truck and his ankle so badly smashed that physicians shook their heads and ordered amputation. But Dr. Edith Haynes, of the University of Indiana School of Medicine, had turned up some new pectin facts, chiefly that it killed bacteria in the test tube. She also knew that a pectin solution controlled dysentery and diarrhea in infants.

An Indianapolis pediatrician, Dr. C. A. Tompkins, who had been testing the new Haynes solution, suggested its use for the boy's gangrenous ankle. It worked, and with astonishing speed—not only killing germs but promoting growth of fresh healthy tissue. In a few weeks, the child's foot was fully intact.

Today, in most hospitals, pectin pastes and solutions quick-heal many types of bed sores and wounds. Even stubborn ulcers respond, as do extensive burns, compound fractures and some types of colitis. It's also an effective hemostatic, speeding clotting in several bleeding disorders.

In the Department of Agriculture Laboratory at Albany, California, chemists found a way to get another kind of pectin—one that would jell liquids containing very little sugar or none at all. This opened the door at once to a profusion of new food products; canned vegetable salads, jellied consomme, low-sugar jelled fruit desserts, smooth gelatin-like milk puddings.

Still other citrus treasures await disclosure. Recent discoveries have sparked intense medical interest in the flavonoids, the substances that give citrus peel its vivid color, and, in particular, in the bioflavonoids—those that are therapeutically and nutritionally useful.

We all have a nodding acquaintance with vitamin C, the scurvy-preventing acid so plentiful in citrus fruits. In 1936, experiments of two noted scientists, Albert Szent-Györgyi and L. Armentano, indicated that something else apparently worked along with vitamin C to prevent scorbutic bleeding. They had been using lemon juice, and when they finally cornered the unknown chemical, it was the lemon flavonoid citrin.

They renamed citrin (and all similar-acting flavonoids) vitamin P—for "permeability," because the substance appeared to make capillary walls stronger, less permeable, keeping blood from oozing into surrounding tissue.

Doctors soon found they had best results when their new vitamin (or vitamin-*like* material, vitamin P not being, according to some medical authorities, a true vitamin) was given along with vitamin C plus hesperidin, the orange peel flavonoid.

Jot the name down for future reference, for hesperidin plus vitamin C may one day save your life.

Many cancer patients have been unable to take heavy X-ray doses because the radiations attacked not only the tumor but also caused bleeding in the areas around the tumor. But treated with hesperidin plus vitamin C such patients could tolerate far stronger doses without damage to surrounding tissue.

Some doctors have already expressed the hope that with hesperidin plus vitamin C medical science may have at last found a way to counteract the deadly radiations turned loose in thermonuclear explosions.

But this is only part of the hesperidin story. A Boston physician, Dr. B. F. Sieve, announced that phosphorylated hesperidin prevented fertility in women.

Since 1949, he had tested it on 300 married couples with almost complete success. The effect was purely temporary. Fertility could be restored simply by omitting the drug for a 48-hour period.

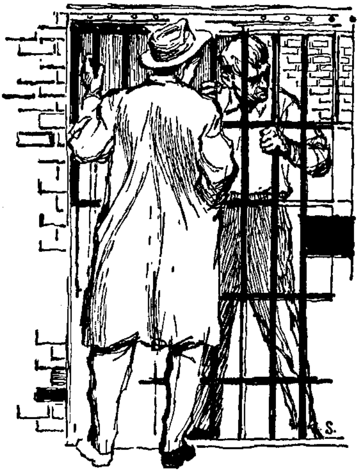
Now comes the equally surprising news that many women previously unable to bear children may also be helped by hesperidin plus vitamin C, which restores and maintains capillary strength.

It figures in important new heart studies, too, making it possible to reduce blood clotting with drugs like Coumadin Sodium and Dicumarol without the attendant danger of hemorrhage. This may mean new hope for victims of several major circulatory disorders including embolism, infarction and rheumatic heart disease.

All this adds up to a sizeable dent in the citrus waste pile. And today, due to the efforts of science and industry, the leftover pulp and peel is found in more places than most people ever dreamed.

So next time someone complains, "There isn't an orange in the house," you could reply: "Well, we've got mayonnaise, glue, shaving cream and milk pudding. Practically the same thing."

# Poor Man's Private Detective



*by* KEITH MONROE

**BECAUSE HE FOUND JUSTICE OFTEN BLIND, ED BLISS WENT ON A ONE-MAN CRUSADE TO FREE THE INNOCENT; SO FAR, HE'S SAVED 900 FROM JAIL, 82 FROM EXECUTION**

ED BLISS is a big, rumpled man who looks like a detective. He once was. In a way, he still is.

For ten years now, he has been pioneering a new kind of detective work. Los Angeles County in California pays him to ferret out evidence which gets innocent people out of jail; and there are 82 of them alive today because of him. They were arrested for murder, with strong evidence against them and no money to prove their innocence. Bliss dug up the facts which set them free or got them lighter sentences.

About 900 others, accused of lesser crimes, were released when police or the courts studied evidence produced by Bliss and his assistants. This is why he is sometimes called "the poor man's private eye."

They called him harsher names in the beginning. They called him "cop-killer's pal" when he kept trying to save a young man who confessed murdering a policeman during a holdup. Eyewitnesses had identified the boy (whom we'll call Eddie Fogg). His shoes matched footprints found at the scene.

Eddie, arrested four months after the crime, told police, "I don't remember where I was that night. Probably drunk. Guess I must have done it."

This satisfied the police and the jury, but not Bliss. He went back to the scene of the holdup at night and found it so dimly lighted that the witnesses could have been easily mistaken about identification.

He hunted up people who knew Eddie. They said the boy was an amiable alcoholic and a drifter, but not a bandit or murderer. As for the footprints, this could be coincidence. Many people wear the same size shoe.

Maybe Eddie was guilty. Maybe not. Bliss wasn't sure—and when he isn't sure, he keeps checking.

The boy's sister said she hadn't seen Eddie since weeks before the killing. This was too vague for Bliss.

"Exactly when did you see him last?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, way back in March, when I went down to Juarez and got him out of jail."

"March! Do you realize the crime took place on March 10?"

"Why no, I thought it happened some time in June," she said.

Bliss wired Juarez jail officials who replied that Eddie Fogg had been there on drunk charges from March 3 until his sister bailed him out on March 11.

Aghast at the possibility of a terrible miscarriage of justice, a deputy district attorney, a police detective and the deputy public defender flew to Juarez for an examination of fingerprints, police records and bail slips. They rushed back to Los Angeles with their findings.

Instead of going to the gas chamber, Eddie Fogg went free.

"My job is to check a defendant's story," Bliss says. "If it's a lie, the defendant goes to jail. If it's true, I try to prove it. I just aim to separate the innocent from the guilty."

Officially, he is Edward N. Bliss, Jr., Chief Investigator, Los Angeles County Public Defender. There are only ten such investigators in the United States, four of them on his own staff.

Los Angeles first adopted the idea that a public defender alone isn't enough to safeguard the rights of a poor person accused of a crime. The defender can help in the courtroom, but he can't pound pavements in search of evidence. For this he needs trained detectives.

Even as a boy, Ed Bliss wanted to be a detective. But he grew up during the Depression and got only a grammar-school education. He married at 18 and was driving a bakery wagon three years later when he sold a loaf of bread that changed his life. He sold it to a man who identified himself as a deputy public defender.

"What's that?" Bliss asked.

"It's a lawyer who defends people too poor to hire their own counsel."

"I thought the court assigned an attorney to them."

"That's what happens in most cities. The attorney is usually a green kid or a seedy old-timer. He gets very little for the job and can't take time to help a penniless suspect. Usually he never sees the client until just before the trial starts."

Bliss was fascinated—because he and six friends were studying criminal investigation in their spare time, meeting at Bliss' house in the evenings to pore over borrowed books and quiz each other.

Bliss explained this to the defender, Hatch Graham, and asked him to spend an evening with the group. Graham did, and later arranged for William B. Neeley and

Ellery E. Cuff, top criminal lawyers in the public defender's office, to meet with them.

Other brilliant legal figures became interested—Superior Court Judge Charles W. Fricke, District Attorney Buron Fitts, FBI Agent John Hanson.

"We learned from these experts that people who are arrested aren't always guilty," Bliss recalls. "They hammered home to us that cops, detectives—even FBI agents—are human and make mistakes. Get the facts—*all* the facts: that was our big lesson."

One day in 1936, Neeley asked the group if it would like to investigate even though they couldn't be paid. "Why pay detectives to put people in jail, then pay other detectives to get them out?" the county authorities reasoned.

The group jumped at Neeley's offer. By this time Bliss was 23, and working nights as a streetcar motorman. He began spending his days as an unpaid investigator for the public defender.

One of his early jobs was to interview a man (let's call him Murphy) who had been arrested for burglary.

Murphy lived in a trailer camp. His trailer was parked next to the camp manager's house, which had been burglarized. Murphy's fingerprints and palmprints were on a window through which the burglar had entered. Yet he swore he was innocent and had no idea how his prints got there.

"You must have touched that window for some reason," Bliss kept saying. "Why? What was it?"

Finally Murphy remembered that there was an electric clock on the manager's stove, visible through the window. He had glanced in to see what time it was before leaving for a party. But he still didn't remember touching the pane.

Bliss went to the trailer camp. He looked in the manager's window at exactly the hour Murphy had looked in. There was a clock inside, but it was unreadable unless he put his hands on the pane to shade the light.

Bliss stayed on the case until he located people who had been at the party Murphy said he attended. They confirmed his alibi and Murphy went free.

Many other times, however, defendants lied to Bliss. In checking, he found their stories full of holes. In such cases he would ask the public defender to go back to the suspect, explain that the story would be torn apart in court and advise him to plead guilty. Almost invariably the defendant did so, thus saving the expense of a trial.

The board of supervisors began to see that the public defender's investigators were money-savers. Not only did they eliminate trials for many guilty people, but they also freed a surprising number of innocents who might otherwise be in jail at county expense. Figures showed that at least two out of every 25 defendants in criminal cases were proven innocent by the public defender. Nevertheless, it was 1946 before the board voted money to hire a public defender's investigator.

During the preceding ten years, while putting in an unpaid eight hours daily for the public defender, Bliss had worked up from streetcar motorman to special agent for the streetcar company, and then to detective for the sheriff's office. Only recently, he had accepted the post of security agent for an oil company in Saudi Arabia at $390 a month plus room and board.

He gave it up to become investigator for Public Defender Frederic Vercoe—at $161 a month. He had a wife and two children to support. So to make ends meet he took a night job as dishwasher.

"I've worked two shifts a day for the last ten years," he told his wife. "Another few years of it won't hurt me. I want this investigator's job more than anything on earth."

In the following years he had some remarkable triumphs. Once, a man accused of murder said that the front door of a house had swung silently open, revealing the corpse to him as he stood there on the doorstep.

It sounded absurd. But Bliss checked the doorlatch, found that it was faulty, and that the door was sucked open by a draft whenever the back door opened. Eventually, he proved that the door had swung ajar because the real killer was escaping out the back.

Bliss finally got an office and now has a staff of investigators who check 3,000 cases a year, at an average cost to taxpayers of less than $25 per case. Government accountants estimated that the public defender was saving the county $300,000 a year.

Today Bliss owns a pleasant, modest home in a quiet section of Los Angeles. His den is littered with grateful letters and small handmade gifts from the humble people he has helped.

On the wall is a big map with 78 pins, showing the cities or counties which now use the public defender system. Bliss wants more pins on that map—especially for places where defenders have investigators. So far there are only Chicago, Memphis, San Francisco, California's Alameda County and, of course, Los Angeles.

He is already a living legend to criminologists all over the nation and has written a book, *Defense Investigation*, which will be published soon by Bannerstone House.

"We're glad to have our work checked by an independent investigator," a district attorney said recently. "If we have the wrong man we want to know it. And believe me, we usually do where men like Ed Bliss are on the job."

## Fish Tale

AN ARDENT FISHERMAN was telling another fisherman about a wonderful dream he'd had: "I dreamed I was out on Lake Arrowhead, alone in a canoe with Marilyn Monroe."

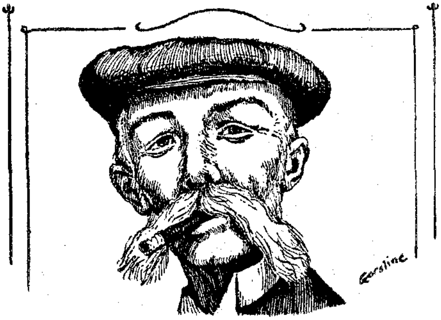
"What a dream," said the other. "How'd it turn out?"

"Just simply wonderful. I caught an eight-pound bass!"

—OLLIE JAMES in Cincinnati (Ohio) *Enquirer*

# The Man With

### Wily Old Inventor Insists His Car Runs On Penny Gasoline



*by* Harold Mehling

HIS NEIGHBORS in rustic Farmingdale, Long Island, regarded Louis Enricht as a quiet, serious-sided old gentleman of 70 whose most distinguishing feature was a bushy gray mustache that flowed off his upper lip and down past his mouth.

Otherwise, Enricht was a complete nonentity until the afternoon of April 16, 1916, when he announced to astounded reporters assembled on his lawn:

"I have learned to do what chemists have been dreaming of for years. Gentlemen, I have discovered a substitute for gasoline that can be made for a penny a gallon."

When the reporters expressed skepticism, the towering, white-haired man said grimly, "I will demonstrate."

The old man turned to an automobile in the driveway, thrust a long stick into its gas tank and pulled it out dry. He tapped the tank and it rang hollow. The reporters peered into the tank and convinced themselves it had no false bottom or sides.

Then Enricht took a china pitcher and filled it with water from a garden hose. A reporter tasted it and nodded: "Pure water, nothing else."

The reporter held the pitcher while Enricht poured in a green-tinted fluid that looked like toilet water, stirred the mixture, then poured it into the tank.

Enricht cranked and the engine started smoothly. Two reporters got into the car and drove it around the village.

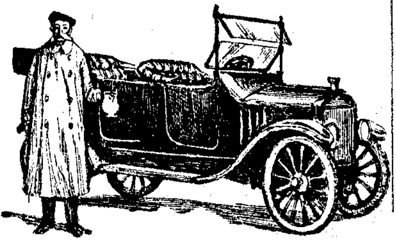
As the old man strolled back into his trim house, the reporters rushed off to write how they had seen the cent-a-gallon gasoline substitute operate an automobile with water.

The next morning, Louis Enricht was an international figure.

The magic green fluid was big news. The price of automobile fuel was approaching 30 cents a gallon.

# The Green Magic

## Nobody Able To Disprove Claim



England was fighting Germany. America's sympathies were obvious and essential gasoline supplies were low. There was an urgent need for a cheap and plentiful substitute.

And that, said Louis Enricht, was exactly what he had found. His telephone rang continuously and mailmen delivered 200 letters a day containing offers of financial assistance in putting his remarkable discovery on the market.

Not everyone, of course, was this enchanted. Dr. Thomas B. Freas, Associate Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University, took exception. "No chemical can be added to water that will make it combustible," he declared. "Water may be broken up by electrolysis, but the energy required to break it up will be exactly equal to that produced on burning. That is, nothing would be gained."

Reporters dashed this heresy out to Farmingdale. Enricht said he would give them a necessarily oversimplified explanation. His chemical, he allowed, had an affinity for the oxygen in water and separated the hydrogen from it. The hydrogen atoms were released with such violence that they combined, in equally violent manner, with the next nearest oxygen atoms, those in the air. This resulted in an explosion which created power.

"But the professor says that is impractical," a reporter persisted.

"That's what they always say when an important discovery is made," Enricht smiled.

With public curiosity at fever pitch, Ferdinand Jehle, laboratory engineer of the Automobile Club of America, asked Enricht to submit a sample to test, promising that no attempt would be made to discover the formula's constituents.

"We want to find out if it's of value," Jehle said, "or to be plain, whether it's a fake."

Enricht said he'd think it over. At this, a reporter stared with such fish-eyed suspicion that the old man invited him to settle the matter by talking to a gentleman whose word would be unimpeachable. That gentleman was Benjamin Franklin Yoakum, a neighbor, financier, one-time president of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad.

"I have known Louis Enricht a long time," Yoakum said. "I have confidence in his invention. I have used it in my own motor car."

At this point Henry Ford's personal representative, Theodore Delavigne, arrived at Farmingdale and handed Enricht a telegram from Ford reading:

"Put Mr. Enricht aboard the Wolverine Express and, rain or shine, deliver him f.o.b. at my office in Detroit."

Enricht was courteous, but declined to go.

Ford, accompanied by his New York manager, Gaston Plantiff, came to Enricht. After a meeting with him, the motor magnate declared he would buy Enricht's formula if it passed test.

The newspapers, meanwhile, had been delving into the inventor's past. Now they came out with some startling information.

Enricht, it seemed, was a German who had immigrated to this country as a youth. In 1890 he had collected funds from a group of acquaintances with which to construct a railroad from Canon City, Colorado, to Cripple Creek. A few years later, bankruptcy separated the investors from their investments.

In 1903, Enricht began to sell 45,000 acres in Kentucky and Tennessee, operating with what he referred to as deeds handed down in Colonial days by Patrick Henry. He was indicted for using the mails to defraud, and fined $500.

Next, he interested a group of wealthy Englishmen in a formula for making artificial stone. They invested a considerable amount of money, but when Enricht delivered the product they strongly intimated they had been fleeced.

Reporters rushing out to Farmingdale for comment were met by Louis, Jr., who told them that, unfortunately, his father was confined to bed with neuralgia and a heart condition.

Later, Henry Ford reappeared and, after a meeting in Enricht's garage, promised to send him a new car for use in his experiments.

An electrifying series of events followed almost immediately, beginning with announcement by the huge Maxim Munitions Corporation that it had closed a deal with the inventor for the exclusive right to manufacture his gasoline substitute.

It was reported that Enricht received $1,000,000 in cash and 100,000 shares of stock, quoted at $10.50 a share, in the Maxim Munitions Corporation.

Henry Ford was shocked; later, after Enricht failed to fulfill tentative bargains he had made with him, Ford sued to recover his auto.

Then the Maxim Corporation, in a surprise statement, denied that a deal had been closed and that it had even seen the formula.

Little weight was given this, however, in light of the signs of wealth

# AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

What sort of future has Sang Gi, crippled by a bit of shrapnel? What are his chances, begging on the streets of Seoul, with his homemade crutches? He has no home, no parents, no schooling. He has a good and intelligent face, but—?

Is his future any business of mine? Should I be concerned with cripples and the needs and suffering of others? When I have enough to eat should I be worried because others don't, including little children? Should I care, when I was lucky enough to be born in America instead of India, where the majority of people do not get enough to eat and some are actually starving? What is the reason I was not born in Korea, like Sang Gi? There are still 35,000 homeless children in Korea. Why don't I live in a hut made of rubble, old tin cans and half rotten scraps of wood in Southern Italy, Hong Kong or in a crowded Austrian refugee camp? Why don't I happen to be a man with a job in Calcutta, working steady every day for long hours, who sleeps in the streets every night because my job does not pay me enough to share even a single room with a dozen other persons—a room without a stitch of furniture or protection from flies, swarming with bed bugs and without any sanitary arrangements whatever?

I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

No gift is too small to give a child a bit of bread. Or you can have some pitiful, homeless and hungry child brought into a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and be given a decent chance in life by "adopting" a child. The cost, $10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

Incorporated in 1938, CCF is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write: **Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke**

**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.**

RICHMOND VIRGINIA

that suddenly sprouted all over Enricht's Farmingdale property. The old man began work on a laboratory, ordered architects' plans for a new home and said he would soon build a large factory of his own.

He also revealed that he had found a substitute for babbitt metal, the alloy used in motor bearings, and was experimenting with a revolutionary new method of extracting nitrogen from the air, for use in explosives and fertilizers.

There were few developments after that, and Enricht and his green potion slipped out of the public eye. The supposition was that he was perfecting his discovery.

Then the U.S. entered World War I and seven months later Enricht's name was back on the front pages with financier Benjamin Yoakum's revelation that Maxim had *not* made a deal with Enricht. The man who *had* was none other than B. F. Yoakum who, with Enricht, controlled the stock of a firm known as the National Power Motor Company, Inc.

That was mild, however, compared with Yoakum's next bombshell. He charged that Enricht had been "negotiating with spies and representatives of the German government" to sell his formula for $1,500,000.

Yoakum wanted Enricht restrained from disposing of his formula and the formula produced. He won a court order to have the inventor's bank vault searched. But all that was found inside was a sheaf of Liberty bonds. Yoakum let the affair die there.

Enricht's mind was still prolific. Just a year later he applied for a patent on another wondrous invention—a process for making gasoline out of common peat. U.S. Patent Office technicians turned him down on grounds his scheme was contrary to all known laws of chemistry.

Nevertheless, investors rushed in where chemists feared to tread, and bought $42,000 worth of stock in the Enricht Peat Corporation. All of which led to the old man's indictment for grand larceny. A jury found him guilty.

As Louis Enricht stood before the bench for sentencing to from five to nine years in Sing Sing Prison he was a pathetic figure. His trademark mustache had grown so long it was part of his beard. His eyes were cloudy and he seemed not to comprehend what was taking place.

The incorrigible old faker was released in a year at the age of 77 and returned to Farmingdale a broken man. And he took to his grave the secret of how he hoodwinked everybody with his green magic.

**PHOTO CREDITS:** 8 20th Century-Fox; 10 top Columbia Pictures, bottom United Artists; 30-1, 33 Allyn Baum; 42-3, 44-50 top Claude Jacoby from PIX; 44 bottom, 50 bottom, 51-2 Ray Shorr; 77-92 Robert Simmons from PIX; 98, 101 Wide World; 100 INP; 105 Jack Stager from Globe; 107 top Warner Brothers, bottom Wide World; 125-129 Don Ornitz from Globe; 130-137 Ted Castle from Magnum; Inside Back Cover Holland from Shostal.

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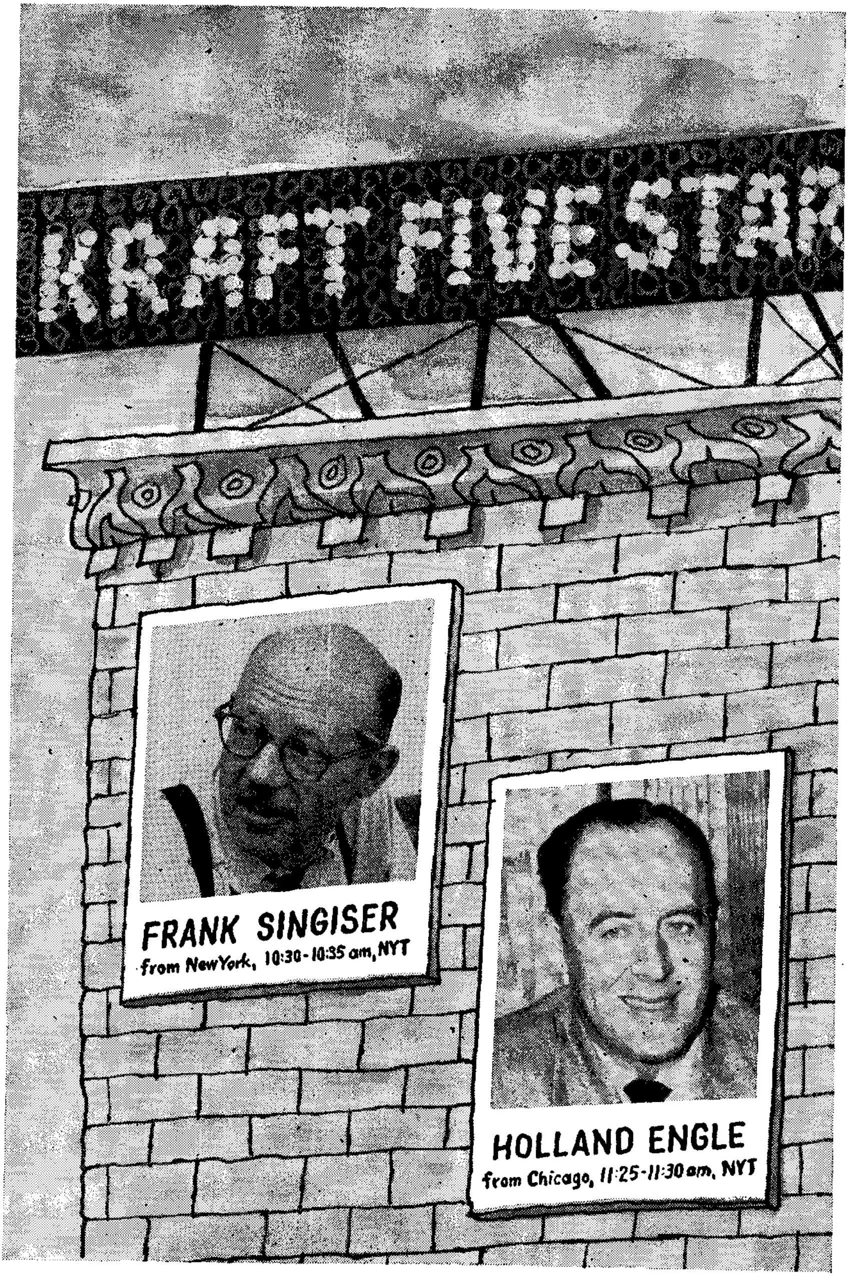
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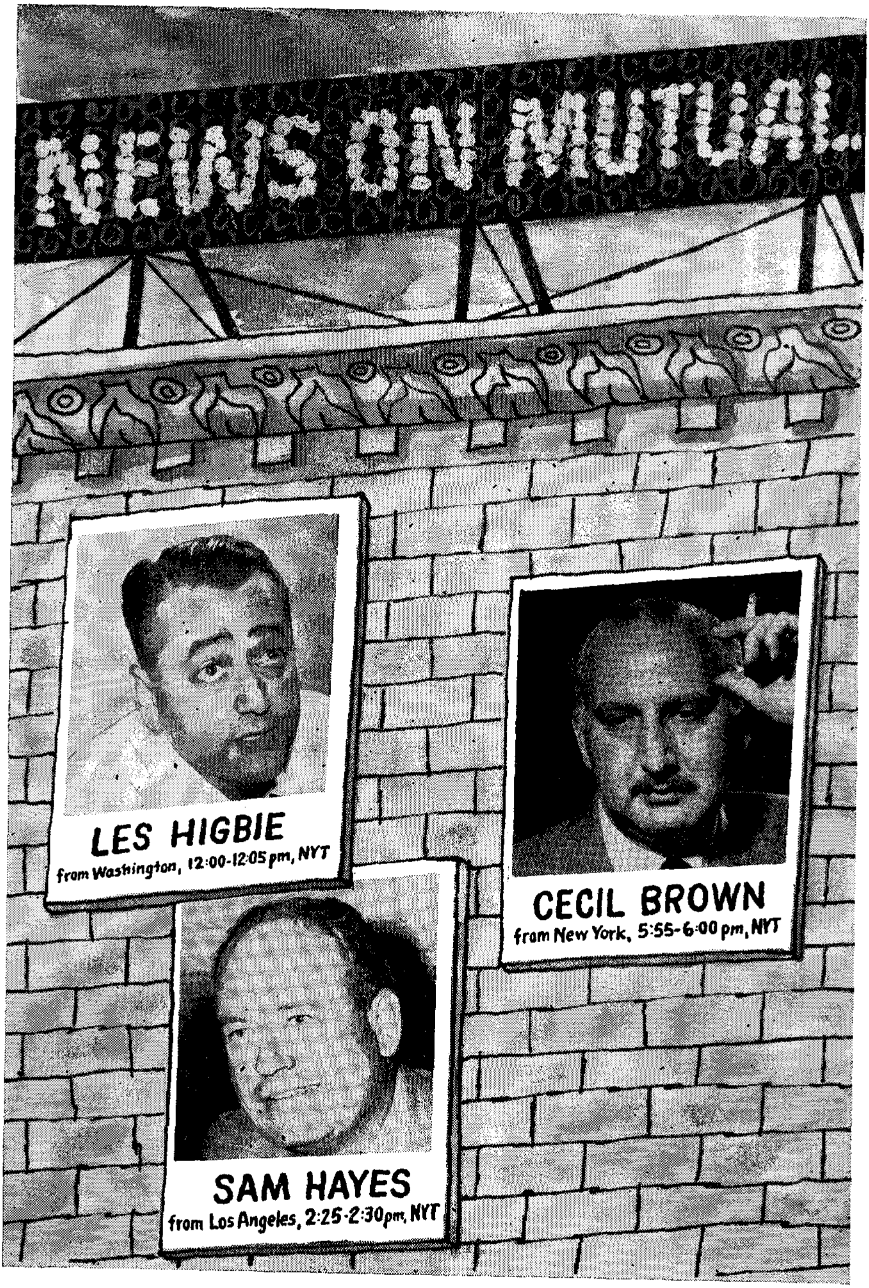

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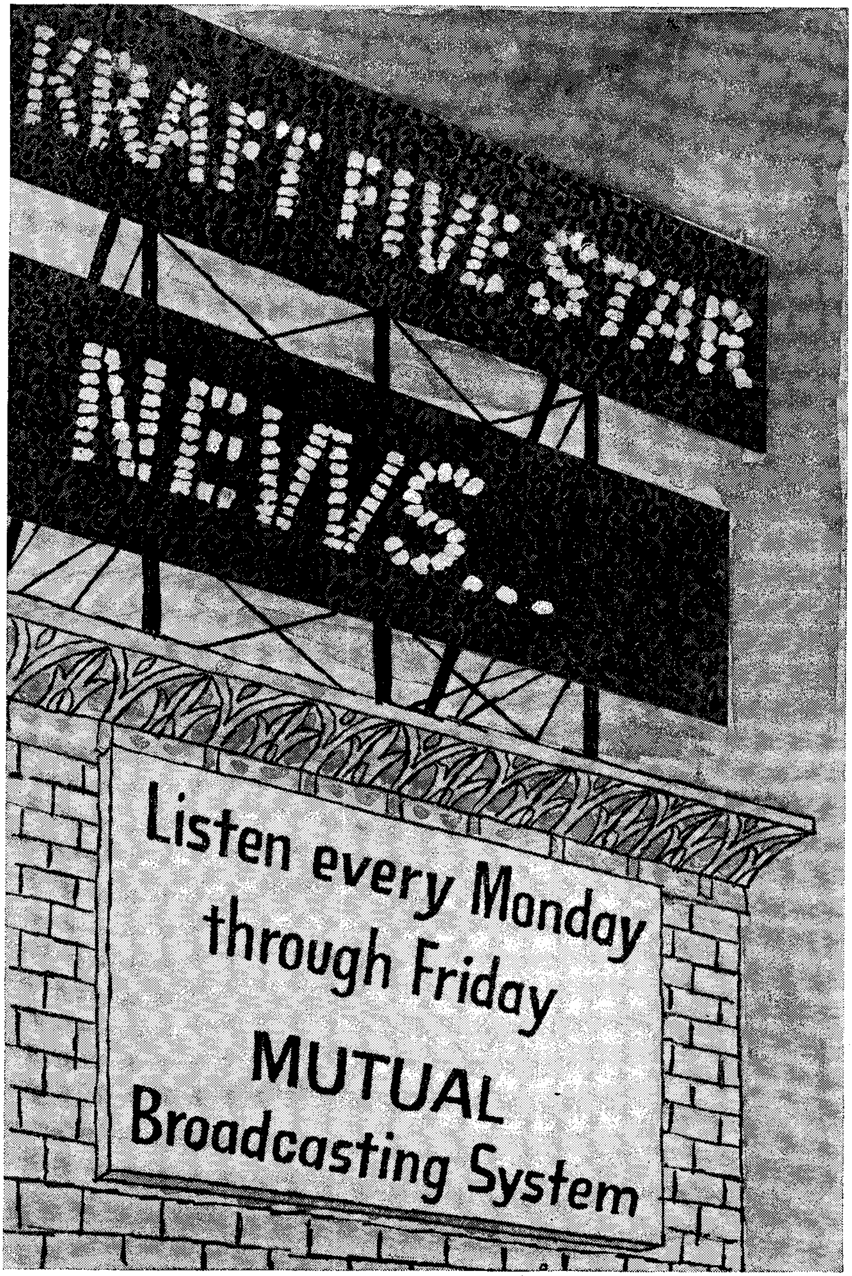
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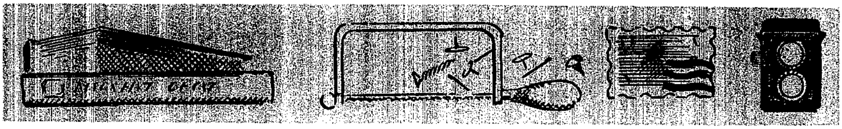

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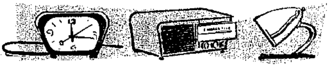

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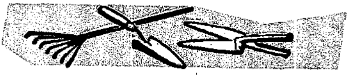

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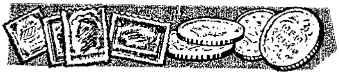

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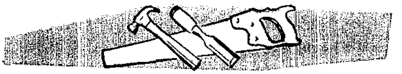

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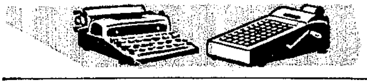

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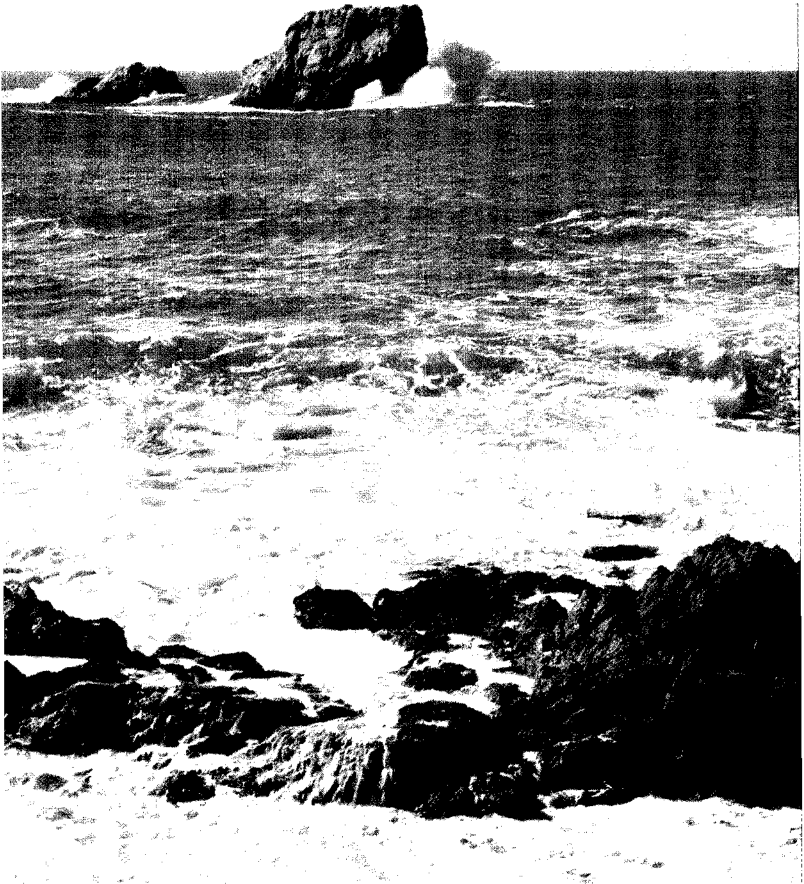

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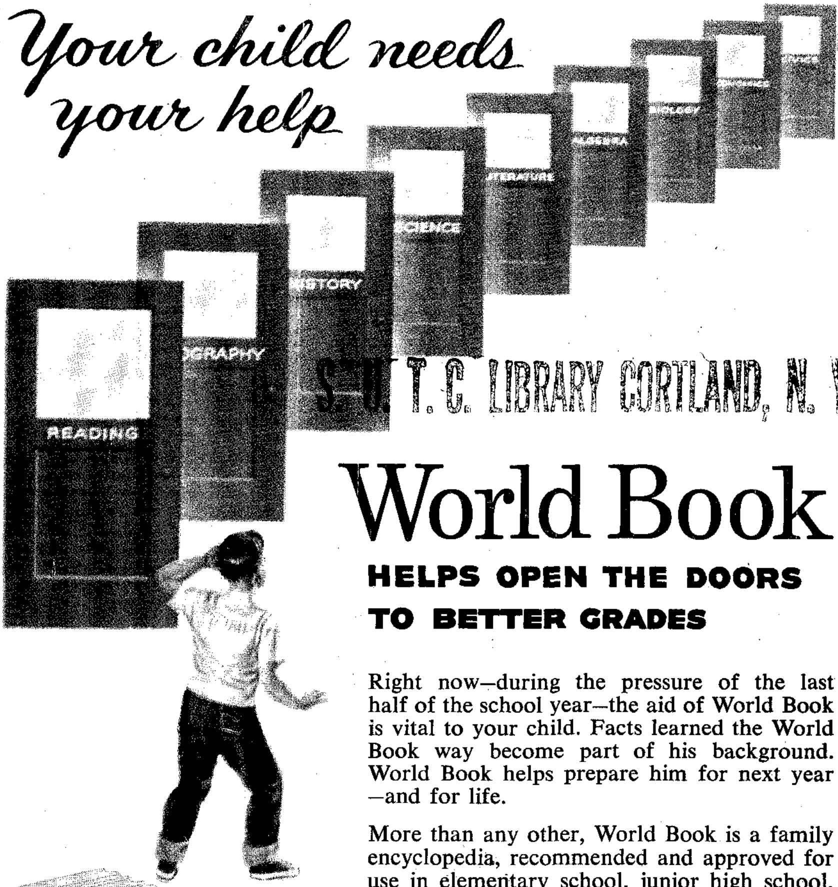

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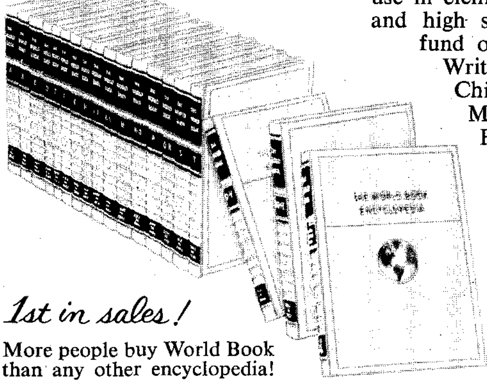

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